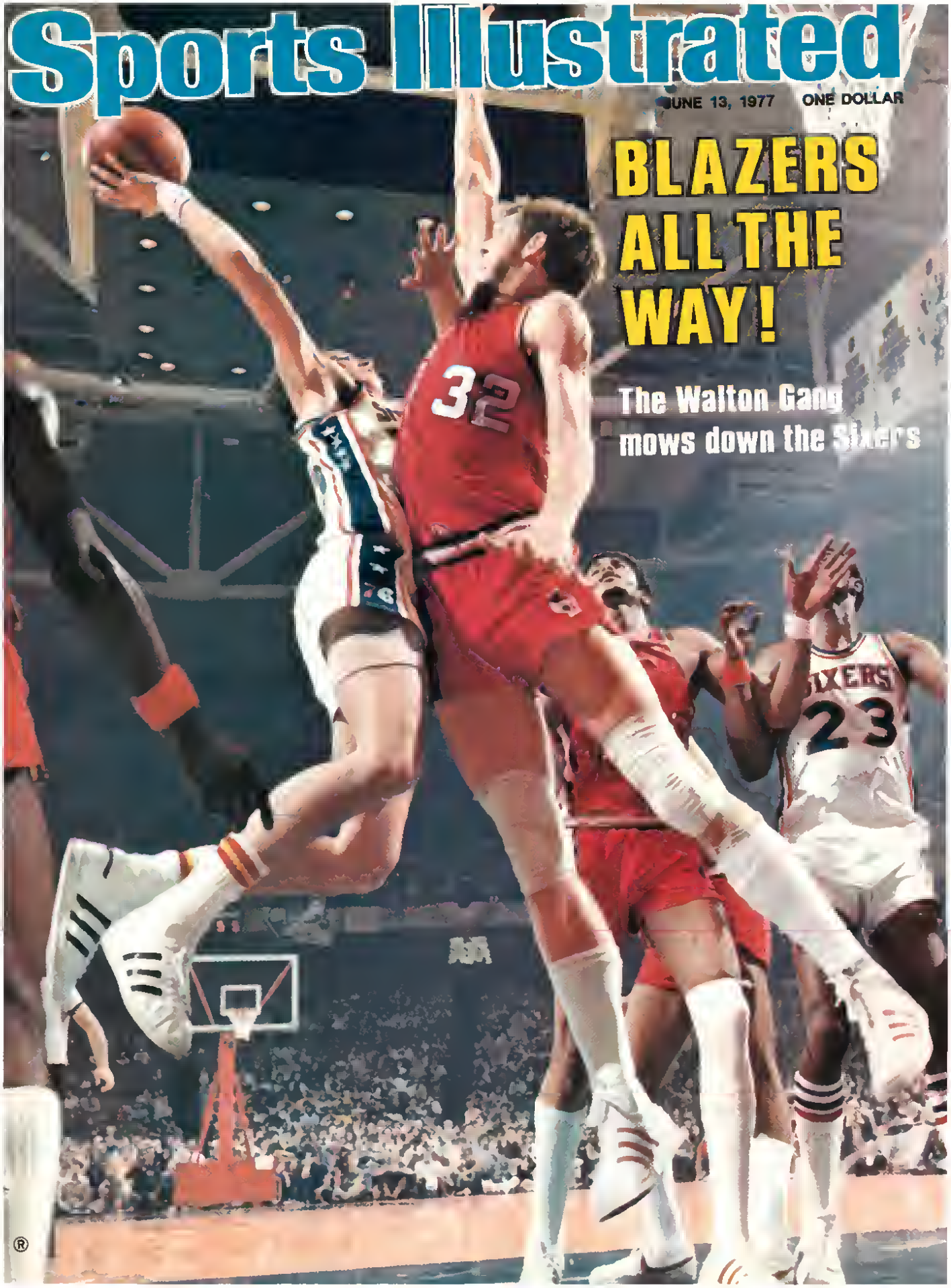
Sports Illustrated
JUNE 13, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

BLAZERS ALL THE WAY!

The Walton Gang mows down the Sixers





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WILD GIFTS FOR DAD

Give him the Big One on his Big Day: the great Wild Turkey in the new sculptured Half Gallon.*
Whether you choose 101-proof Wild Turkey or 86.8-proof, you're giving him the gift that'll make his Big Day even bigger.

*Available where legal

The smoker's guide to low-tar cigarettes.

With all the controversy about smoking going on, lots of smokers are deciding to switch to low-tar cigarettes.

But which low-tar cigarette should a switcher switch to?

Well, here's an easy guide to follow.

First, there are those so-called new cigarettes claiming scientific breakthrough and hyped-up flavor. Unfortunately there's nothing very revolutionary about the way they taste.

Next there are those brands that promise nothing but low-tar numbers. They're fine if low numbers are all you want. Because their scientific filters work so well, they filter out most of the taste.

Fortunately there is an alternative. Vantage. The low-tar cigarette that's different from all the others.

From the very beginning Vantage was designed to deliver flavor like a full-flavor cigarette with less tar than 95% of all cigarettes. So forget all those empty promises and go with the real flavor of Vantage.

It will probably turn out to be the only low-tar cigarette you'll enjoy.



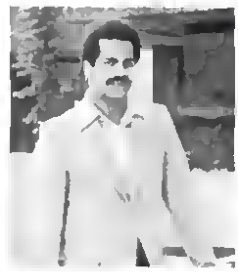
Regular, Menthol, and new Vantage 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER 10 mg "tar", 0.7 mg nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC '76.
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.



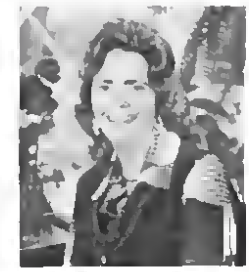
Carol Zweifel,
Police Officer



Hausmann DePass,
Inhalation Therapist



Cliff Williamson,
Insurance Agent



Ruth Metcalf,
Director of Christian Education



I would recommend Firestone tires to anyone. A young fellow that works for me is going to put a set on. He told me if they don't last he's going to make me pay for them. I told him okay.

Virgil Guess,
Meat Cutter

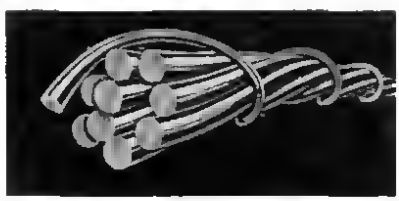
Friends like ours bring out the best in us...

Announcing the finest radial tire we've ever built:

FIRESTONE 721 STEEL BELTED RADIAL

5 million test miles now bring you the experienced radial.

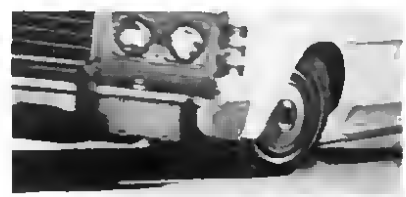
At the Firestone Developmental Proving Ground at Fort Stockton, Texas, Firestone endlessly works at improving its steel belted radials. And it is here that the new Firestone 721 has become what it is. The *experienced* radial.



Our new 721 steel cord. Much stronger and why.

Before we tell you some of the things we do at Fort Stockton, we thought you'd like to know at least a few of the ways that our Radial 721 has become our finest steel belted radial tire as a result of torture testing.

Our tire gets its name from a steel cord we put together a different way than we ever did before, with each cord wound in a seven-strand plus two strand-plus-one-strand method. In addition to the *way* it's wound, we now use ten strands of steel per cord where five were before. The result is a stronger cord for tire durability.



Be glad you're not a tire.

The life of a Firestone tire is not very pleasant at Fort Stockton, Texas. We do things in our development testing you'll probably never do in a lifetime of driving, and we urge you never to try.

We drive cars at 90 miles an hour day after day until a tire fails.

We corner on different surfaces, as fast and furiously as a driver can, plow cars through a road of water, overload station wagons with heavy sandbags, even *purposely* create blowouts by running tires over knives.



The part of a tire you never look at, we do.

But development testing isn't worth anything unless you use the results. At Firestone we not only torture a tire like our new Steel Belted Radial 721, we analyze the effects on every part of its anatomy. The tread, the sidewall, the belts, the beads.

Torture makes for peace of mind.

How can you have more peace of mind and take advantage of what we learn at Fort Stockton? By remembering that the safety of any tire depends on a lot of factors—on wear, load, inflation and driving conditions.

Our peace of mind comes from knowing we've done and are constantly doing our part, torturing tires in every important way we can think of to make them work hard and long and well for you.



Ask a friend about **Firestone**

...and ask your dealer about the new Firestone Steel Belted Radial 721™

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Next Week

THE GLORY ROAD is now just a mile and a half long for Seattle Slew. If he wins the Belmont, he will become the only unbeaten colt to take all three Triple Crown events in the 102 years they have been held. William Leggett reports

THE ROAD TO DÜSSELDORF begins in Los Angeles for U.S. track and field athletes, for a victory in the AAU championships means a berth on the squad that goes to West Germany to compete in the first World Cup. Kenny Moore is at trackside

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To take the pulse, cover the two jeweled dots in the black circle with the thumb or forefinger of the person whose pulse is to be taken.



When the dot pulsates on the data screen, Pulsar is computing the pulse rate, averaging it every two beats, and displaying the result.

This new Pulsar monitors the pulse

(in addition to telling the time and date)

■ This new Pulsar, no larger than a wrist watch, monitors the pulse beat, tells the time (accurate to within 60 seconds a year), and supplies the date, all at the touch of a finger.

Its usefulness to physicians and nurses is obvious, but it is far more than an interesting oddity with a narrow professional function.

If you exercise, the Pulse Time Computer™ can be a practical and necessary part of your program.

Taking your pulse can tell you whether you're exercising enough, too much, or too little. If you haven't been exercising but want to start, your pulse beat can tell you how much exercise you are in shape to take. Ask your physician to show you how to keep score.

An easier, more accurate way to take your pulse

These are the two most common ways to take the pulse:

1. The way used by most doctors and nurses. Feel around the wrist with the tips of the third and fourth fingers until the pulse is located. Then count the number of beats per minute.

2. Some Health Clubs and Hospitals use a fairly bulky black box. It measures the pulse beat with a combination of infra-red light and electronics. The new Pulsar Pulse Time Computer™ works very much like the black boxes do, but it comes in a unit no larger than a wrist watch.

It looks very much like any other Pulsar except that there's a black circle with two white synthetic sapphire dots just below the data screen.

How Pulsar computes your pulse beat

To take your pulse with Pulsar, put your pointer finger or thumb on the black circle, being careful to cover it completely. (To take someone else's pulse, use their finger or thumb.) A pulsating dot will appear on the data screen to tell you that the Pulse Computer™ is working properly and numbers will start to flash on the screen, one every two pulse beats.

Each number will show your average pulse beats per minute. They will seldom be identical because your pulse rate fluctuates—when you inhale, exhale, roll your eyes, do nothing or whatever.

Your Pulsar keeps score accurately by measuring and amplifying the difference between the surge and nonsurge of blood in the capillaries some 10 million times and feeding the information into a micro-computer.

Where can you see this new Pulse/Time Computer™?

The new Pulsar Pulse Time Computer™ in stainless steel case with matching bracelet is most modestly priced at $395. Of necessity, production is somewhat limited, so if you have any immediate interest, it would be well to act promptly.

For the name of the nearest authorized Pulsar jeweler where you can thoroughly examine the new Pulsar Pulse Time Computer, call (800) 233-0262. (Pennsylvania residents call collect (717) 299-0840.) Write "Pulse," Time Computer, Inc., Lancaster, Pa. 17604 for free folder.

Full 3-Year Warranty

Both Pulse Computer™ and Time Computer™ carry a full 3-year warranty from date of original purchase. This does not cover power cells, damaged case, or bracelet, nor apply if module has been damaged by accident or abuse. The instruction manual has full details. Ask your authorized Pulsar jeweler to show you the complete warranty.

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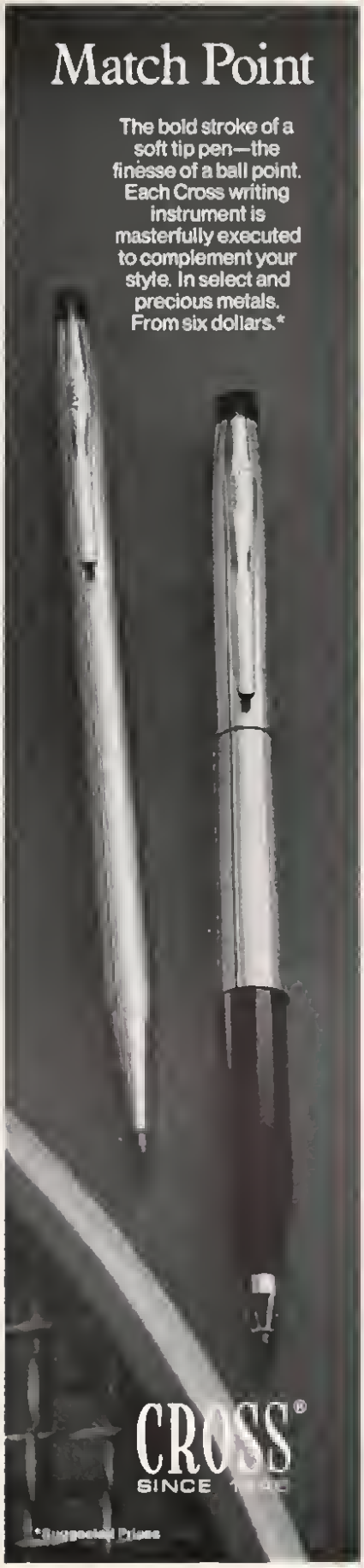


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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

If you've been losing sleep nights wondering whether this year's baseballs really are livelier than those of years past, rest easy: you will find the answer in the story beginning on page 22. The man holding the controversial missiles below is Staff Writer Larry Keith, who culled observations from computers and humans alike, slogged through reports from every major league team and spent long hours on the telephone talking with experts of various ilk.

The assignment involved no airplane flights to exotic cities or even single-stoplight Podunks: the extent of Keith's traveling was a trip to The Haller Testing Laboratories in Plainfield, N.J., about a 55-mile drive from his home on Long Island. But, for once, staying close to home was the first priority.

This is because the deadline for Keith's story fell on virtually the same day Larry's wife Carolyn had to meet a deadline of her own: the delivery of the Keiths' first child. Carolyn, an SI picture editor, knows all about deadlines, but on June 4, the day Larry completed his story, she was still waiting around in a giant "Big Red Machine" T shirt that Larry brought home from a spring-training trip to Tampa (a scouting report on the Cincinnati Reds). She was surrounded by other inspirational items from her husband's trips: a recording of Paul Anka singing repeatedly, "You're having my baby . . ," bought in Cleveland (a Yankees-Indians game), a Mickey Mouse bank from Disney World in Orlando, Fla. (a scouting report on the Minnesota Twins), a tiny North Carolina Tar Heel T shirt from Larry's beloved alma mater and a stuffed beaver from a college basketball assignment at Oregon State



LARRY KEITH HAS HIS SUBJECT IN HAND

The beaver has special significance, being the nickname (as in "Eager . . .") by which Larry has been known since his days as a young journalist in North Carolina. Though he now claims (with a dozen others) to be the leading career hitter on the SI softball team, Keith traded bat and ball for pen and pad early in life. To be exact, on the day he, as the 12-year-old second baseman on "the worst Little League team ever assembled," completed a play at home by throwing the ball over the backstop. Soon afterward his byline appeared in such impressive publications as the *Ram's Rambler*, the J. Mason Smith Jr. High School newspaper, there beneath the headline SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS: THE RAMS' BASEBALL SEASON.

Later, while working as a part-time reporter for *The Charlotte News*, Keith assigned himself trips to Atlanta Stadium for his first taste of the big leagues It was a day on which the Braves were playing the Dodgers that Keith knew he had arrived. "When I actually heard the voice of Vin Scully talking to someone behind me I knew I was in the majors," he says.

As for that baby, Robert Browder Keith was born on June 5. His father can now check his theory that "baseballs and babies are both lively to some degree, no matter when they are made."

Jack Mayer

The AC Spark Plug Dollar Sign.



We can help you save money the next time you buy spark plugs.

For a limited time, AC-Delco has made it possible for you to get one free AC Spark Plug when you buy seven — at participating AC-Delco outlets displaying this "Buy seven, get one FREE" sign.

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AC-DELCO DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Shopwalk

by LOWELL COHN

MOTORIZED HANG GLIDERS ARE HERE, BUT THE HANG-UP IS IN THE ASSEMBLY

Volmer Jensen of Glendale, Calif. is the ultimate backyard tinkerer. Now 67, he has devoted a lifetime to designing and building planes. And although he has only a high school education, he has put together 24 aircraft, among them two airplanes, 12 sailplanes and an amphibian he's flown the equivalent of five times around the world. His forte, though, is foot-launched, foot-landed craft. He became fascinated with them in 1925 when he read about something called a "monoplane glider" in a book entitled *Boy Mechanic*. The next year he built his first hang glider. There have been five in all. Jensen's latest creation is the VJ-24E Sunfun, a rigid-wing hang glider with a motor. The idea, which took 14 months to perfect, was to attach a standard go-cart engine and a 28-inch wooden propeller to the original motorless Sunfun that he completed in 1975. The results may change the sport of hang gliding.

Instead of waiting at the top of a hill to catch an air current and then taking off, the flier simply lifts the 131-pound craft by its fuselage, pulls the starter cord and begins running into a five mph wind, the minimum velocity he needs to get air borne. Within a few steps he is in flight, even from a level field. Once up, the flier turns off the engine and drifts with the breeze just as though he were flying a motorless hang glider.

There is one obvious drawback to the motorized Sunfun. With a 10 hp McCulloch engine (a slightly larger version of a chain-saw motor) screaming a few feet behind one's head, there isn't so much soar as buzz saw. Anyone who forgets to wear earplugs is in for the Excedrin headache of his life.

The Sunfun is considerably more elaborate than the ubiquitous kite hang glider, usually known as a Rogallo wing. Capable of carrying a person weighing up to 200 pounds, the Sunfun looks like a small World War I plane and has an 18-foot tail and a 36-foot wingspan. Instead of controlling it with body English, one maneuvers a control stick to manipulate ailerons, elevators and a rudder. Although not absolutely necessary, Jensen recommends that those who have never flown an airplane practice an hour or two in a stick-controlled light aircraft before trying the VJ-24E.

Jensen claims the Sunfun is safer and more efficient than the kite, and even simpler to master. But assembling one is something else again. The VJ-24E is sold only by mail and, in putting it together, it helps to have the combined mechanical know-how of the Wright brothers. The first step is easy. Assemble $130 and send it to Volmer Aircraft, Box 5222, Glendale, Calif. In return you will get a set of blueprints which, to the casual hang-gliding enthusiast, will be as simple to decipher as the Rosetta Stone. Next, one mails $950 to DSK Aircraft in Van Nuys, Calif. to get the Sunfun raw materials, except for the engine, which is available at go-cart dealers for another $200. Now, a few common household tools like an electric drill and a hacksaw will help, not to mention a pop riveter and a drill press. It should only take about 200 hours to assemble your Sunfun. (Jensen refuses to manufacture the VJ-24E himself because "I don't like to make two of anything.") So despite the Sunfun's advantages, the less mechanically inclined flier will probably have to settle for the Rogallo wing. END

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Snap in the POWERPACK and take the Disston Lantern anywhere, for hours of brilliant illumination—spotlight, floodlight or in between.

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*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price
†Comparison available upon request

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Some we gather at an early age, while the glow of summer is still on the vine. With others we sit patiently by 'til the hues of autumn manifest themselves. A sensitive and painstaking art, this parenting of grapes. Yet well worth our labor of love to produce a wine the calibre of our Johannisberg Riesling. Careful harvesting has yielded a Riesling of remarkable bouquet and truly distinguished class. Yes, we are very proud parents.



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Almadén

Motor Trend magazine put the '76 TR7's cornering power in the same league os the Lotus Europa's ond the Ferrari Dino's. This year, we improved it. By lowering the suspension and odding wider steel-belted rodiols.

After the TR7's first year of Sports Cor Club of Americo competition in '76, it is o divisional chompion. This year, we improved the champion with o five-speed tronsmission os standard equipment.

And for those who prefer not to shift, now we offer an optionol outomatic.

Car ond Driver said: "the '76 TR7's strong suit is comfort. The cockpit is spacious (wider than either o Corvette's or a Z-cor's)...every diol is visible." Motor Trend colled it: "One of the most comfortable two-seaters we've experienced." This year, we've improved on thot with o choice of o smart new tortan ploid interior in oddition to the solid brushed cord nylon with color coordinated moulded pile carpeting. We've even included o hondy rally light to occommodote either passenger or driver.

Lost year, the TR7 broke oll our sales records. This year, we'd like to improve on thot, too. But that's up to you.

The New Triumph TR7. The improved shope of things to come.

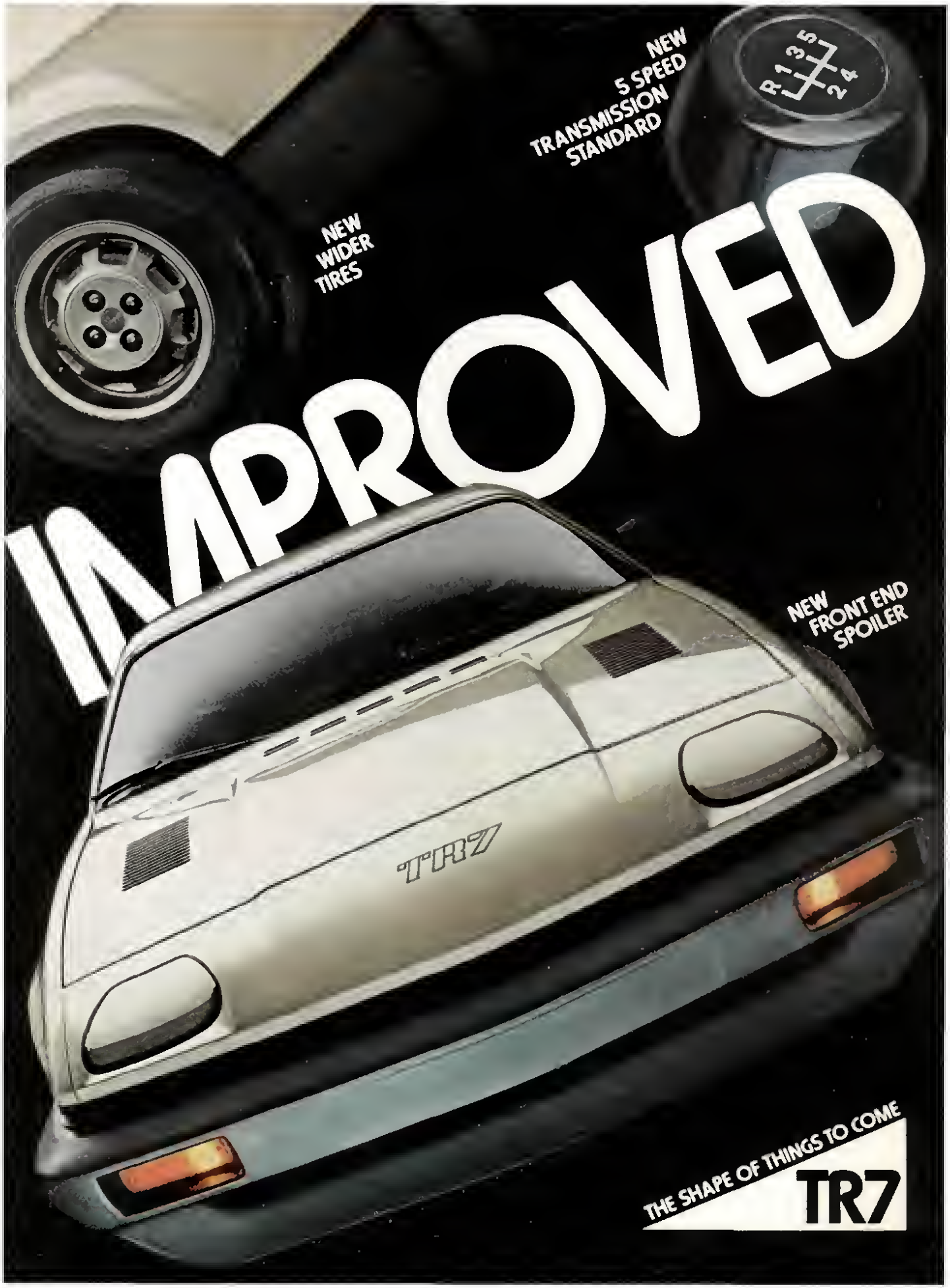
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SCORECARD

Edited by RON REID

TROJAN WARFARE

Last year the NCAA adopted legislation that established scholarship limits for swimming, track, soccer, baseball and other sports usually categorized as "non-income-producing."

For swimming, the limit was set at 11 out of a total of 80 scholarships for all non-revenue sports. This policy rankled various NCAA members, who wanted the rule written to give each school the right to determine how its 80 scholarships would be allocated. Proposals to that end, however, were rejected. So were 10 similar ones by the Pac 8 at this year's NCAA convention.

That's when USC, a perennial swimming power that has won national titles the last four seasons, decided to make a test case. Because the USC soccer program—which also is allotted 11 scholarships—is of the non-varsity, club variety, the decision was made to offer soccer scholarships to three blue-chip California high school swimmers. Understandably, USC's move has touched off a Pac-8 investigation and caused a flap that may extend to other NCAA schools.

Dr Richard Perry, the USC athletic director, admits that his school is uncomfortable in the situation it has deliberately created. "That great big book we have to deal with [NCAA rules and regulations] came about because people behaved the way we are behaving," he says. "You establish a rule and someone avoids it by creating a new interpretation, and on and on. What we are saying is that we are violating the spirit of an NCAA rule. Our contention is that the rule is in violation of the spirit of fair competition.

"Our objection is that, except in football and basketball, the number limits are not body counts but equivalencies. In swimming, for instance, you may have the equivalent of 11 full scholarships, but you're allowed to take 19 swimmers to the NCAA championships. It takes no math genius to figure out that 11 very good swimmers will not score as many points as 19 very good swimmers."

Perry also charges that the rule is unfair to private universities like USC and Stanford, whose tuition is much higher than that at state-supported institutions. "If we offer a half-scholarship," he says, "it's going to cost an athlete nearly $2,000 for tuition alone. A similar half-scholarship at a state school would cost between $282 and $319.50."

Perry has no complaint with the Pac-8 investigation. "They are upset with us for the right reasons," he says. "The directors are saying, 'Hey, we understand the problem and we are willing to help you resolve it within the system.' But we tried that once and got nowhere. We can't afford to lose our momentum."



Nonetheless, USC has suspended its controversial recruiting program and told Kirk McGowan, Mike Kelley and Doug Frazier, the three prospective swimming stars, that they will have to play soccer next season. This may be a tall order, none of them has ever seriously played the game before.

THE TOP TEN

Ask a group of teen-agers to name their favorite sports heroes, and tennis, surprisingly, will produce more candidates than any other sport.

That's what a national poll conducted by the Gallup Youth Survey revealed. Though O. J. Simpson topped the list, three tennis players made the teens' top ten, while basketball, baseball and boxing contributed only one athlete each. The rest of the top ten were: 2. Chris Evert, 3. Joe Namath, 4. Muhammad Ali, 5. Nadia Comaneci, 6. Julius Erving, 7. Billie Jean King, 8. Bruce Jenner, 9. Johnny Bench and 10. Jimmy Connors.

Broken down according to sex, the boys' list was: 1. Simpson, 2. Ali, 3. Erving, 4. Namath, 5. Bench, 6. A tie between Larry Csonka and—are you ready for this?—Howard Cosell, 8. Fran Tarkenton, 9. Connors, 10. Roger Staubach.

The girls selected: 1. Evert, 2. Comaneci, 3. Simpson, 4 King, 5. Namath, 6. Jenner, 7. Ali, 8. Connors, 9. Mark Spitz (yes, Mark Spitz), 10. Olga Korbut.

For whatever it means, the boys picked 10 men while the girls had only four women among their 10 choices.

DOING THE HUSTLE

In the revered, ungrammatical cliché of its best-known sports commentator, the ABC television network "tells it like it is." The network's advertising department obviously doesn't subscribe to the dictum, however. There, the operative slogan seems to be "sell it like it isn't."

Last week ABC-TV ran an ad in *The New York Times* promoting its telecast of the NCAA track meet on *Wide World of Sports*. The ad's illustrations featured a photo of high jumper Dwight Stones, who set his 7′ 7¼″ world record in last year's NCAA meet. Unfortunately, the '76 meet also marked the end of Stones' college eligibility, a well-known fact that guaranteed he would not be in this year's NCAA meet.

This sort of phony hustle has been tried before (SCORECARD, March 14) by NBC and CBS. If the networks continue to engage in this misleading practice, they may succeed in losing the viewers they go too far to attract.

JUST THE TICKET

Shortly after the advance betting windows for the Preakness opened at Pimlico, a man walked up to a $2 seller window, handed the clerk $2,000 and said, "Give me 1,000 tickets on Seattle Slew." After the seller punched out tickets for 10 minutes, the bettor apologized for not going to the $50 or $100 windows. "I also bought 1,000 tickets on Seattle Slew in the Kentucky Derby," he said, "and if

continued

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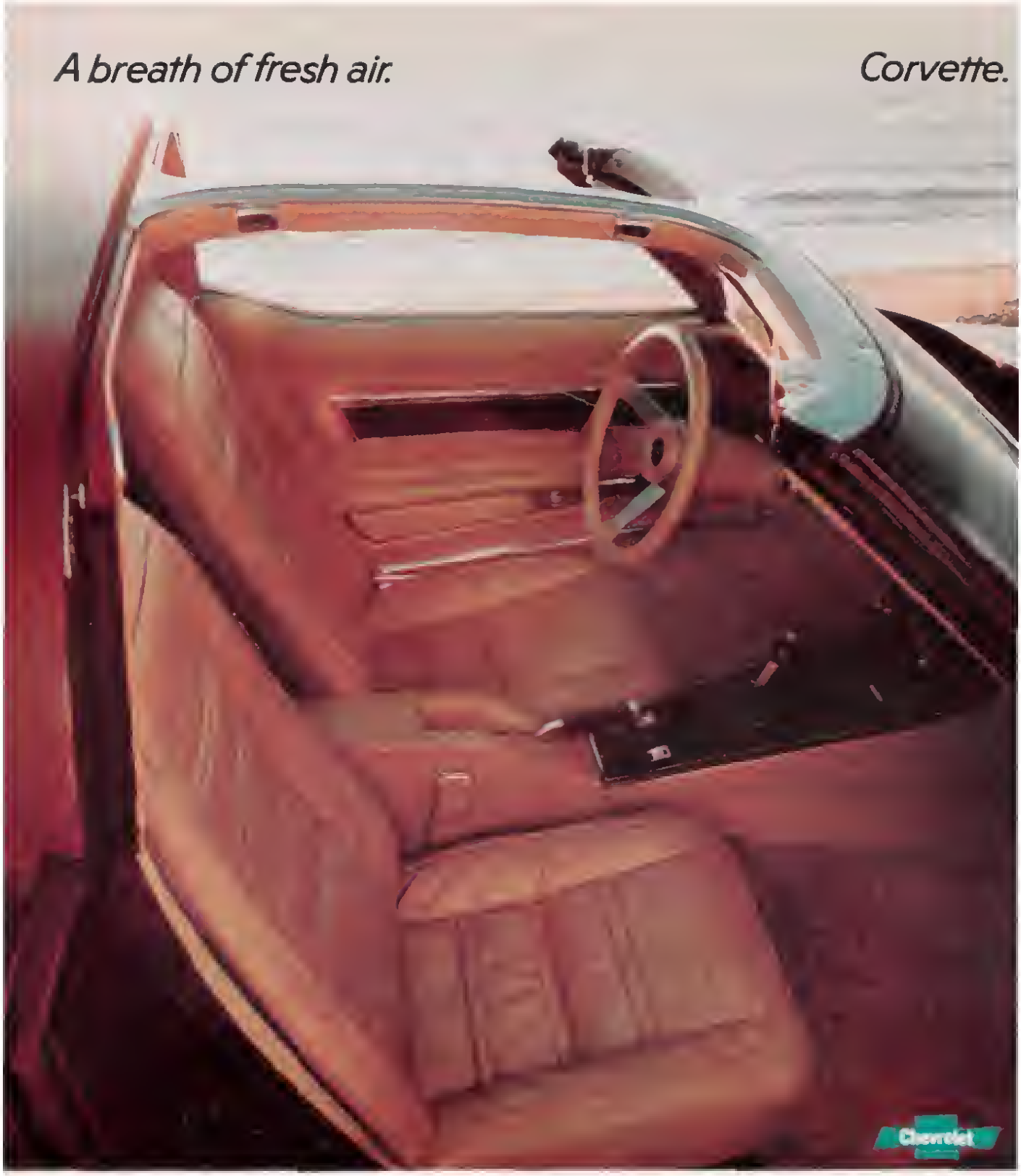


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he wins today I'll buy 1,000 tickets on him in the Belmont Stakes. If he wins the Triple Crown, I'll sell the tickets in sets of three as souvenirs, and I expect to make a big profit. If he loses the Belmont, I can still cash in the Derby and Preakness tickets."

When Seattle Slew won the Preakness the eccentric collector was $1,800 ahead. If Slew wins the Belmont he expects to have the sets of tickets framed and suitably engraved, and sell them for $50 each. For his $6,000 investment he could make a profit of $44,000. If Slew loses Saturday, he is out only $200. Not a bad way to beat the races.

STAKES WELL DONE

Last week after his easy win aboard Forego in the Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont Park, Bill Shoemaker sat on the plane carrying him back to California, thinking about the race and reflecting on his career. It suddenly dawned on him that the Metropolitan was his 700th stakes victory. Now that might not seem like a lot to some people, especially for a jockey who just last year chalked up his 7,000th win, but Shoe's nearest competitor is Eddie Arcaro, who had 554 stakes victories when he stopped riding. So Shoe's feat is equivalent to Aaron hitting 900 home runs to Ruth's 714.

Exactly one month earlier, Shoe's agent Harry Silbert told him he needed only one stakes win to hit 700, but the jockey tried not to think about it. "If you do, it makes it harder and you can go batty," says Shoemaker, who last year went into a slump waiting for 7,000. To date he has ridden 7,226 winners for nearly $63 million in purses.

Shoemaker's milestone was virtually unnoticed by the press, but he seemed not to mind. "When you get to that point, you think, 'What the hell, it's just another win.' I'm just glad it came on Forego. I'm very fond of that horse. I'd rather they write nice things about him," he says of the horse he considers the greatest he has ever ridden. "After Forego would come Swaps and Gallant Man, I guess, and then—what's the name of that horse, the sprinter who won the Hollywood Gold Cup?" Shoemaker laughs as he struggles to remember Ack Ack. "I've ridden 20 really top horses in my life, but I can't always remember their names. I'm getting old, you know, and my memory's getting bad."

Shoemaker is joking, of course. When

continued

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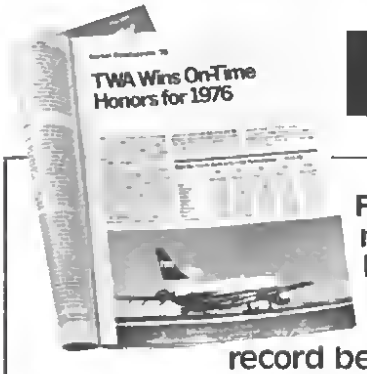
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Air Transport World, a leading magazine of the airline industry.

In its May issue they state, "TWA Wins On-Time Honors for 1976."

This means that in city pairs reported to the CAB, TWA had the best cumulative on-time record for the year (based on the percentage of flights actually flown arriving within 15 minutes of schedule).

And that's better than American. Better than United. Better than the average of the nine U.S. trunk airlines.

The reason is simple. Our people were determined to win this record. And they did.

This year, they're even more determined to keep it.

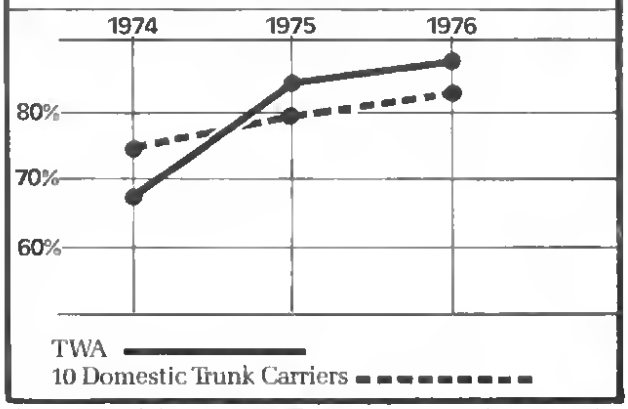
Right now we're going after the best on-time record for 1977. In fact, according to the most recent data, TWA is again leading the trunk carriers for the first three months.

See how we're doing now on your next TWA flight.

At TWA, we're out to be the best business flyer's airline in the business.

TWA's climb to TOP

% of flights arriving on-time within 15 minutes of schedule.



These represent all domestic flight segments which are required to be reported to the CAB by TWA and nine other domestic trunk carriers. The statistics shown in CAB records are for flights actually flown, and are based on percent of arrivals within 15 minutes of schedule. They represent 70% of TWA's available seat miles (55% before May, 1976). For other carriers the figure may represent a different percent of available seat miles.



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Do something about the next 10 years.



you have ridden some 30,000 horses, it's easy to forget names, but races—never. He considers his best race to be last year's Marlboro Cup aboard Forego. After that come two races in 1962. "I was on this horse of Widener's," says Shoe. "In the Belmont I went for a mile head to head with Baeza and won by an inch. And then in the Travers, with the same horse, I did the same thing with Ycaza and won by a nose. What *was* that horse's name?"

Jaipur, William.

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT

As a freshman halfback last fall, Johnny (Lam) Jones averaged more than five yards a carry for the University of Texas football team. Even so, there are those who wonder why one of the nation's outstanding sprinters risks his track future by playing football.

A member of the winning U.S. 400-meter relay team at the Montreal Olympics, Jones further heightened such concern this spring when he ran 100 meters in 9.9 seconds, hand-timed. The world record is Jim Hines' 9.95, electronically timed.

Based on his own experiences, however, Hines would advise Jones to stick with football because it promises greater rewards. "When I went to Texas Southern," Hines says, "I was supposed to be on a combination football-track scholarship. But I discovered after I got there that the track coach wouldn't let me play football. They had a rule against it."

A double gold-medal winner in the Mexico City Games, Hines failed to make the grade as an NFL wide receiver despite several tryouts. "I was on pro rosters for six years," he says, "but I spent most of those years on the bench watching other people play. Those four years of football that I missed in college really hurt me.

"I'd say it would be an advantage for Jones to play college football. His athletic future is in pro football and a background of college ball is a big help, no matter how much speed and skill you may have."

WHO'S CONNING WHOM?

Last month a group of black publishers and editors held a press conference in New York at which they denounced the "white" press for not printing a statement by the attorney general of Maryland absolving Boxing Promoter Don King of any wrongdoing in the conduct of his ill-starred tournament. "We as newspapermen who uphold the tradition of a free press and a responsible press have examined the evidence before us," they said, "and are forced to conclude that Don King has not been given fair play in the white press." The group also concluded that the reason for this was to discredit King in the boxing world and to restore control to white promoters.

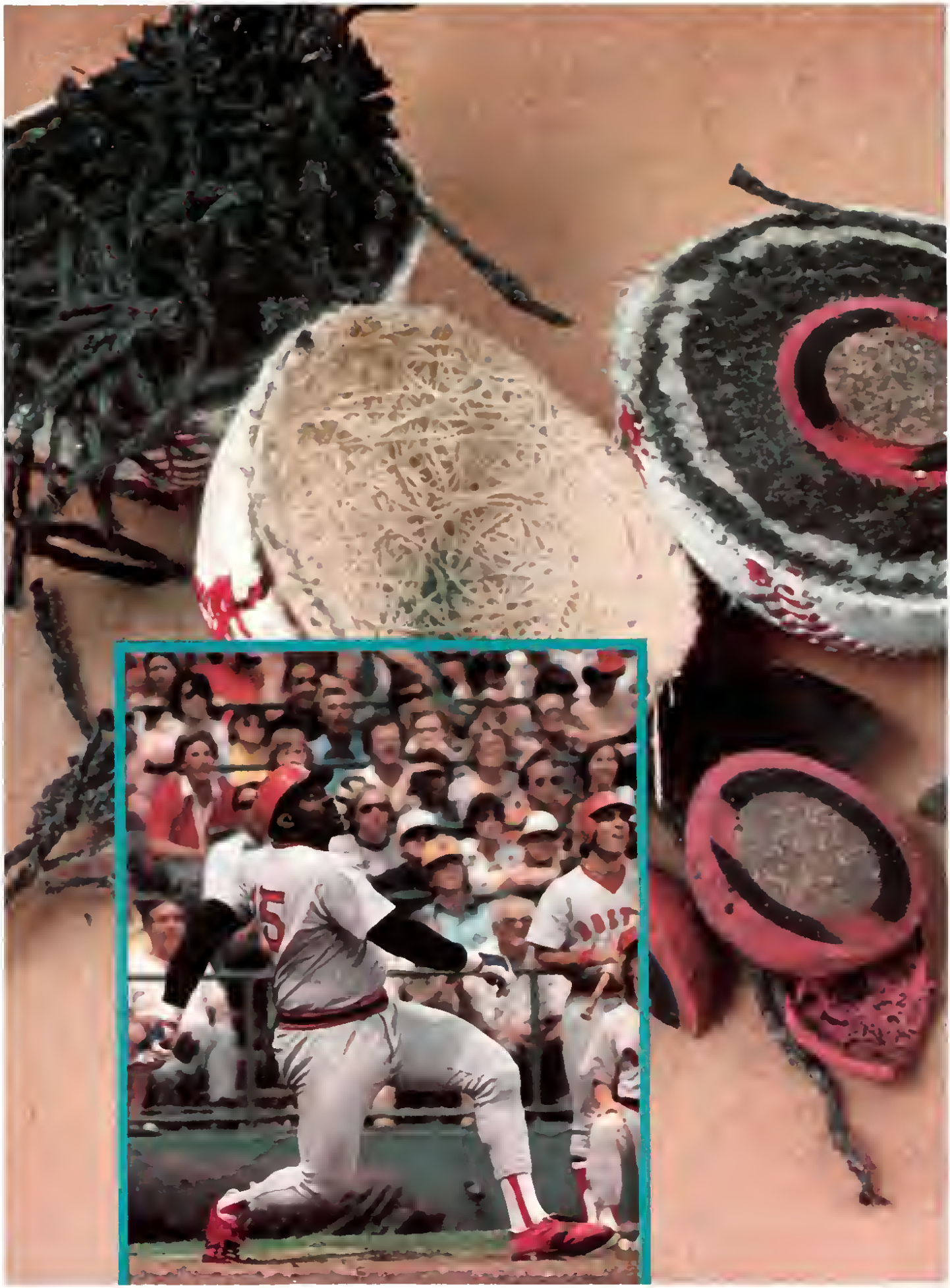
The group was in error. As the magazine *More*, a monthly watchdog of the media, pointed out, the Maryland attorney general, whose office is not even investigating the tournament, issued no such statement. Nor was there one from the U.S. attorney for the district of Maryland, whose office *is* investigating the tournament. The publishers and editors may have been taken in by the non-existent statement just as ABC and *Ring* magazine were by the non-existent fights on the records of some of the contestants in King's tournament. It turns out, also, that the press conference was held in a hotel suite rented by Don King Productions and that the editors and publishers came to New York at the invitation of Kenneth Drew, a friend of King's, through the National Newspaper Publishers Association, a black organization. One of those present, Norman O. Unger, assistant managing editor of the *Chicago Defender*, believes that his airline tickets and those of some of the other journalists were paid for by King.

A number of other black newspapermen were invited to participate but declined. Unger says he did not agree with the statement that was issued at the press conference. However, "not wanting to make waves," he went along with it. No vote was taken on the statement. "It was like it was already decided, and we were there to show our faces," Unger concludes.

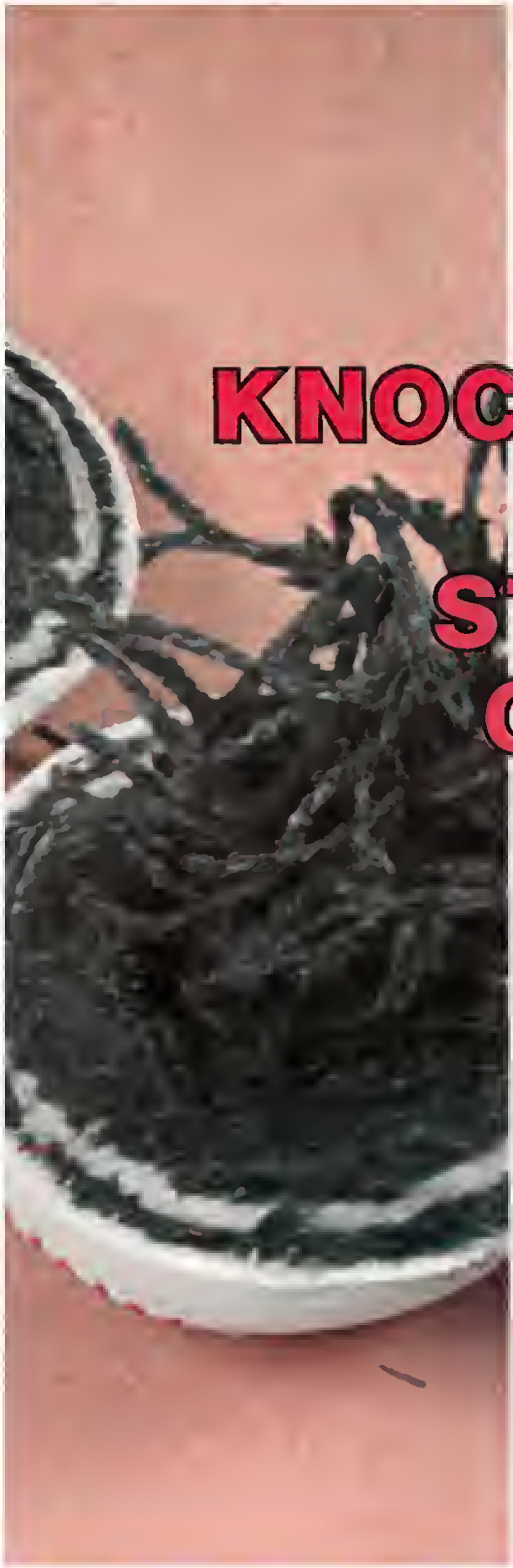
THEY SAID IT

- Pat Kelly, Baltimore Oriole outfielder, after a home run by Minnesota's Roy Smalley: "I looked in my glove and then on the ground. That left only one place—the other side of the fence."
- Earl Strom, NBA referee: "Officiating is the only occupation in the world where the highest accolade is silence."
- Billy Pickard, Texas A&M trainer, asked what the Aggies' 260-pound fullback, George Woodard, has been doing since school recessed: "I don't know, but I hope he's not eating." **END**


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"You have to have something in front of you to conquer—a goal. When I started boxing in the Army, I learned I couldn't stop at just throwing punches and taking them. I had to have a jab, a hook, a right hand. And the guts to finish. I learned you've always got to keep going—no matter what walk of life you're in. Your heart's got to keep saying, 'Do it, baby!' It's a fight to do the things you want to do. A lot of guys first heard that in the Army."
SGT Charles Mooney, Silver Medalist, Montreal Olympics
Fort Bragg, North Carolina
Join the people who've joined the Army.



Sports Illustrated
JUNE 13, 1977



THEY'RE KNOCKING THE STUFFING OUT OF IT

While the batters have a ball and pitchers are bawling, tests show that the new baseball is certainly no turtle

by Larry Keith

There is nothing in sport quite like a baseball, nothing so difficult to manufacture, nothing that engenders so much controversy. When hockey scores go into double digits, nobody questions the puck. When field goals fly over the crossbar from 60 yards out, no one examines the football. When golf balls are shanked or tennis balls faulted, there is no similar rush to judgment, either. But in baseball any deviation from the imagined norm is greeted with loud cries of "Live ball!" or "Dead ball!", as if the strength and skill of hitters, the guile of pitchers and the direction of air currents have no effect on the game.

Again this season the cry of "Live ball!" is being voiced in anguish by the pitchers, in joy by the hitters, in earnest by everyone. The controversy is even greater than usual because the balls, all 360,000 that will be used by the major leagues this season, have been manufactured by the Rawlings company. For the previous 101 years all baseballs were sold to the major leagues by Spalding.

In response to this outcry and to the marked increase in offensive productivity this season, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED commissioned the Haller Testing Laboratories of Plainfield, N.J. to examine the major league baseball. The results, along

continued

It is not hard to unravel why sluggers like Boston's Boomer Scott are headed for their first 40-homer season since 1973. It is the livelier ball.

with those from other tests, reveal that the 1977 Rawlings ball is livelier than the 1976 Spalding, but not as lively as it could be under big league rules or as the ball has been in the past.

As the chart on page 24 shows, there has been an increase in every offensive category this season. It is especially apparent in the most popular lively-ball indicator—the home run—because last season's team average of 93.1 was the lowest in 30 years. At the present rate 3,031 homers will be hit in the majors this season, a team average of 117, the highest since 1973. Philadelphia's Mike Schmidt, who has been the big league home-run champ each of the last three years with 36, 38 and 38, predicts it will take 40 to 45 to win this season. No National Leaguer has hit that many since Willie Stargell's 44 in 1973, and no American Leaguer has done it since Frank Howard clouted 44 in 1970. Having hit only seven homers this season, Schmidt is off the pace, but 10 players have a good shot at 40, including Ron Cey and Reggie Smith of the Dodgers, Richie Zisk of the White Sox, Jeff Burroughs of the Braves, Graig Nettles of the Yankees and George Scott of the Red Sox.

And it is not just the established long-ball hitters who are prospering. Larry Bowa, who had four homers in his first seven seasons with Philadelphia, has two this year. After 223 previous big league at bats without a home run, Jim Essian of the White Sox has hit two in his 119 at bats in '77. St. Louis Relief Pitcher Butch Metzger has not hit any, but he has knocked four out in batting practice, which is four more than he clouted last season.



In SI's tests, balls were dropped 26' 8" to a steel and concrete plate. Here a ball that bounced off the

UP, UP AND...GONE

A comparison of hitting in both leagues in the first 616 games (through June 2) of the 1977 season with the hitting in the same number of games in 1976. The batters, obviously, are having a ball.

	BA	SLUG. PCT.	RUNS	HITS	DOUBLES	TRIPLES	HOMERS
1976	.256	366	5,198	10,786	1,686	333	762
1977	266	.402	5,519	11,187	1,943	350	1,033
% increase in '77	4	9.8	6	3.7	15.2	5.1	35.6

Teams are prospering as well as individuals. The Chicago Cubs smashed seven homers in one afternoon at Wrigley Field, and at Fenway Park, the Red Sox and Milwaukee hit 11 in one game. The Sox and Kansas City had nine in another. In a game in Atlanta, the Braves and Dodgers also belted nine.

Not everyone agrees that the ball is responsible for this barrage. Some people point to the generally agreeable spring weather (which, it is claimed, makes the batters looser), to the expansion of the American League and to chance.

True, there has been a decline in postponed games this year (from 47 to 26), but there has also been a concerted ef-



plate heads toward the average height, 8′ 5½″.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART



As the players suspected, the compression test proved that the Rawlings ball is especially hard

fort to get games in despite the weather. Often the conditions were better suited to ducks than to gophers. The dilution of pitching quality because of expansion has never been a satisfactory explanation, either. When the American League grew from eight to 10 teams in 1961 and the National did the same in 1962, home-run production rose 7% in one league but declined 7% in the other. Both leagues experienced huge increases when four teams were added in 1969, but that was also the year the mound was lowered and the strike zone shortened. As for this season, expansion certainly does not account for the 25% increase in home runs in the National League, which has the same 12 teams it had in 1976. Finally, Bud Goode, a professional statistics analyst, reports, "There is only one chance in 10,000 that this kind of increase could be an accident. I don't know the reason for the difference. I just know that there is a reason. It is not luck."

The strongest evidence suggests that the reason for the difference is the ball, which, oddly enough, has been produced by Rawlings before. Under an agreement with Spalding, Rawlings provided some of the balls in 1971 and '72 and most of them in '73. Spalding, which had manufactured the balls for both leagues since their inceptions in 1876 and 1901, got out of the business this year.

No matter who is turning them out, the balls should not be either "live" or "dead." After all, the ingredients have always been the same: a hide cover, 150 yards of fine cotton, 219 yards of gray and white wool and a cork core surrounded by black and red rubber. Consistency is supposed to be ensured through adherence to specifications for weight (5 to 5.25 ounces), circumference (9 to 9.25 inches) and resilience (a coefficient of restitution of 51.4% to 57.8%). However, as batting statistics and tests show, all balls are not the same, not only from year to year but also from box to box.

Rawlings' '77 model *is* livelier than the ball Spalding made in '76. But comparison with the Rawlings balls that were distributed under Spalding's label in 1971 through 1973 shows not much difference. During those three seasons, major league teams averaged 118 homers, compared with the projected 117 this season and the 105 in the last three Spalding years.

With some justification, Mike Kavanaugh, a spokesman for Rawlings, can say, "We're not making a rabbit ball. Maybe the other people were making a turtle ball." Kavanaugh is careful not to mention "the other people" by name, but

continued

BOUNCES AND OUNCES

In tests made periodically since 1953, the ball has varied in weight, bounciness and hardness. But as the figures below show, neither greater heft nor less compressibility necessarily means a livelier ball.

	1952	1953	1961	1963	1970	1973	1977
WEIGHT (ounces)	5.17	5.06	5.28	—	5.17	5.18	5.10
BOUNCE (drop from 26′ 8″)	8′	8′ 7½″	8′ 9½″	8′ 4″	8′ 3″	8′ 4″	8′ 5½″
COMPRESSION (at 100 psi)	.190″	.178″	.162″	—	.156″	—	.125″

WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY

Mathematical comparisons. Rates of compression. Coefficients of restitution. Come again? Isn't this baseball, the national pastime, in which the only thing that matters is, as they say, what goes on between the white lines? So, if you *really* want to know whether the American and National Leagues are playing with a souped-up, fuel-injected, turbocharged spheroid, just ask the man who drives one.

Among the men on the field and in the dugout, rumors of a lively ball have generated a lively, if one-sided, debate. According to a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED survey of those players, coaches and managers who have definite opinions on the ball, two-thirds agree that the Rawlings model is the liveliest in years.



Tanana warns that pitchers had better be sharp

A few scientific sorts, like White Sox Outfielder Richie Zisk, Met Pitcher Tom Seaver and Seattle Coach Don Bryant, have proved it to their own satisfaction by comparing the bounces of old and new rubber cores. But for everyone else, the proof is in the pounding.

Seattle's Joe Lis knows the ball is livelier "because my high hoppers are hopping higher." Milwaukee's Mike Hegan found out the hard way—by being beaned. "The ball rolled all the way to the first-base coach's box," he says. "Last year it would have gone only halfway down the line." California Coach Jimmy Reese, who has been in baseball for more than 60 of his 71 years, learned in more agreeable fashion. Reese is hitting fungoes like a 60-year-old kid again, and he modestly admits, "I've had to ease up or move back farther so that I wouldn't hit the balls over the fence. I've never seen it this lively in all my years." And Jimmy, we haven't seen you any livelier, either.

The pitchers, of course, consider the peppier ball to be part of a never-ending conspiracy to rob them of their manhood. "Everything that has changed in baseball in the last 10 years has been done to help the hitters," grouses Boston's Ferguson Jenkins. "They've lowered the mound, changed the strike zone and built new stadiums with artificial turf. Now we've got this new ball. I'll bet anyone right now there will be 1,000 more home runs this year because of it."

What else should Jenkins expect, considering some of the unusual properties his colleagues attribute to the '77 balls? Even though he pitched a no-hitter last month, Kansas City's Jim Colborn says there is rabbit food inside every ball. San Diego's Rollie Fingers claims "There's a Titleist golf ball in the thing." Cincinnati's Gary Nolan tells how he "picked one up the other day and the darn thing jumped right out of my hand."

However, it's the ball's tendency to jump over the fence that has caught the attention of most pitchers. "The hitters are not that much better, and the pitchers are not that much worse," says Detroit's John Hiller. "Too many guys are taking swings that aren't good and hitting the ball hard," says the White Sox' Lerrin LaGrow. Chicago Pitching Coach Stan Williams stands by his man, saying, "Last year's balls had one stage. This year's are like three-stage rockets. Voop, voop, voop!" And San Francisco's John Montefusco knows just how dangerous one of those guided voops can be. "The ball comes off the bat so much quicker a pitcher could get killed," he says.

"You can't blame the hitters," says Boston's Fred Lynn. "The fans demand more action. When guys like Bob Gibson and Sandy Koufax were pitching one- and two-hitters back in the '60s, the people complained that it was boring."

As Lynn's comment suggests, hitters have very little sympathy for pitchers. To many of them, the controversy about the ball is a big—and satisfying—joke. "The players are livelier," says Ralph Garr of the White Sox. "It's the same ball, but it's different money," reasons Garr's teammate Oscar Gamble. "They are paying us good to hit harder." "Maybe the bats are livelier," says Pittsburgh's Willie Stargell. "Has anyone thought of looking at the bats?" Cincinnati's George Foster takes a metaphysical approach, declaring "There is no life in a baseball. It is inorganic. It doesn't breathe and it has no soul." Finally, his put-on complete, even Foster admits "Yeah, it's livelier."

Other notable hitters do not think so. Montreal's Tony Perez sees no difference between the '76 and '77 balls, and until recently, Kansas City's Al Cowens—whose average is up 40 points this season—did not know the ball manufacturer had been changed from Spalding to Rawlings. "When you hit it good it goes," says Dave Parker of Pittsburgh. "If you don't, it's not going anywhere, nohow."

There is another group of baseball men who disagree on whether the ball is livelier, but who agree that it is better—better to hit and to pitch. They believe the ball is wound tighter, feels smaller, lasts longer and has higher seams. "Last year's batch was the worst I've ever seen," says Texas Manager Frank Lucchesi. Seattle Coach Wes Stock can recognize the difference when he pitches batting practice. "When I was at Oakland last year, I noticed the balls would get all mushy and soft and the covers would come loose," he says. "Gene Tenace and Joe Rudi would tell me to quit throwing those mushmelons. This year the balls are harder, tighter." "Better made," concludes St. Louis' Lou Brock.

Pitchers Rudy May of Baltimore, Doug Bird of Kansas City and Frank Tanana of California say they prefer pitching with the new ball, despite the obvious risks. "I have less trouble getting a good grip," says May. "You can throw it harder," says Bird. Tanana contends, "It's a good ball to throw because it has higher seams and feels smaller. If you make a good pitch, you are going to get the batter out, but your mistakes are going to be hit a lot farther. So you have to limit your mistakes and be sharper."

There should be some consolation for pitchers in the fact that all clubs have equal access to the spirited spheroids. A team may have to pitch with them in one half of the inning, but it gets to swing at them in the other half. Except, it seems, when the team is Milwaukee and the pitcher is Jim Slaton. "Yeah, it's a livelier ball," he says, "but only when I'm pitching."

his intent is obvious and Spalding realizes it. "We could make a ball your 2-year-old son could hit out of the park," says Spalding's Doug Grote. "Faster is not necessarily better."

According to Grote, Spalding stopped manufacturing major league baseballs because it was losing money on them. Rawlings, on the other hand, claims it will show a profit in the first year of its 10-season contract, because the balls are wound and bound in Haiti, where the minimum wage is $1.30 a day. Spalding only had the seams stitched in Haiti.

Tests conducted by Rawlings and for the two leagues by the University of Missouri-Rolla show that the current ball could be a lot livelier than it is and still meet major league specifications. The coefficient of restitution was adopted by the majors in the 1960s as a measure of maximum and minimum resilience. The "ideal" ball, when shot from an air gun against a wooden target 30′ 3″ away, is supposed to rebound at 54.6% of its original speed. There is a tolerance of plus or minus 3.2%. In the Rawlings and Missouri-Rolla tests, the 1977 ball was rated at 51.4% and 52.1%—low, but within the tolerances. The 1976 Spalding ball was below specification in both tests, with rebound speeds of 49.5% and 50.8%. Neither ball approached the maximum allowable speed of 57.8%.

The series of tests conducted for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED was more extensive than the others, enabling comparison to be made with balls from different eras, as indicated in the chart on page 25. Haller Testing Laboratories was established in 1927, and its primary business is testing and inspecting engineering materials. In 1963, '70, '73 and '77 Haller also analyzed baseballs, duplicating tests by other engineers on the 1952, '53 and '61 balls. This year's sample was composed of 85 new Rawlings balls randomly selected from the supplies of each of the major league teams. The tests were conducted by Rasheed Ahmed, a native of India, who has a master's degree in civil engineering from Rutgers. Just for the record, Ahmed says he has played baseball in India but that he prefers cricket.

Ahmed tested the balls for resilience (bounciness), compression (hardness), weight and diameter, and visually inspected the cores. Each ball was dropped three times from 26′ 8″ onto the same steel plate embedded in concrete that was used in Haller's previous tests. The low average bounce for a single ball was 7.97 feet, and the high average was 9.06 feet. The average for all 85 balls was 8.46. Like the Rawlings and Missouri-Rolla tests, the Haller analyses indicated that the new ball is only moderately lively.

High resilience does not mean a ball will automatically fly out of the park; other factors come into play. But it *is* true that of the balls tested since 1952, the bounciest (1961) and least bouncy (1952) were indeed the ones that produced the most homers (152 per team in '61) and the fewest (106 in '52). By those standards, the Rawlings '77 ball is not being hit for all it is worth. It is the third liveliest among the balls that have been tested, but it is being hit for home runs at a rate that exceeds only 1952's among the test years.

The 1977 ball did show a bounce variance of 12%, meaning that on the average one new Rawlings might travel 12% farther than another when the same force was applied. And even though Rawlings claims to have better quality control than its unnamed predecessor, Haller did find that 12 balls—14% of those tested—were either too heavy or too light to meet major league standards. Another ball, which Rawlings had supplied to the Padres, didn't even contain the required 45 yards of white wool.

Results of the compression tests confirm the suspicion, widely held among players, that the Rawlings ball is "harder." Under 100 psi of pressure, a random sample of three balls "gave" an average of .125 inch, indicating that the '77 ball is the firmest ever tested.

The differences between the new Rawlings and old Spalding balls are also apparent to Dominick Pasquerello, a butcher from Plainfield, N.J. Every time it has tested baseballs, Haller has asked Pasquerello to slice open the balls, so that the labs could examine the interiors. Surrounded by legs of lamb, loins of pork and sides of beef in the 37° temperature of his meat locker, Pasquerello was recently again dissecting baseballs. After slicing up a number of them, he declared over the whine of his band saw, "These balls are harder than the other ones." Pasquerello was absolutely right, of course, and he did not even need an upper-deck home run to tell him so. **END**

Ahmed, who prefers cricket to baseball, bounced, squeezed, measured and tore the guts out of balls



Pasquerello got down to the meat of the debate when he said the balls were harder to slice up



No wonder the ball on the right was smallest It lacked the required 45 yards of white wool





Even with a $2 8 million contract in hand, Franz Beckenbauer, the world's best soccer player—late of Munich's F.C. Bayern, the best team—had some trouble adjusting to New York and the Cosmos **by Clive Gammon**

RECOVERY FROM KULTURSCHOCK

Culture shock" is the vogue word for it—the disturbing sense of being lost, a trauma that afflicts you when you move to a new environment, as may happen when you emigrate from Germany to the U.S.A. to take up a new job. Usually, a few months go by before you come down with a serious case

But culture shock must have taken a firm and bony grasp on the collar of Franz Beckenbauer's Cosmos soccer jersey in fewer than six days, the time that elapsed between the touchdown of Lufthansa's Flight 408 from Munich at Kennedy and the appearance on the board at Tampa Stadium of the score: Tampa Bay Rowdies 4, Cosmos 0. That was after 65 minutes of play in Beckenbauer's first game in this country. By the game's end, 25 minutes later, the score was only a bit more respectable (4–2) and Beckenbauer had got the final goal himself. But *Kulturschock* had struck. How could it have been otherwise when the finest soccer player in the world found himself on a team that had not only lost but, to his thinking, had also been routed, close to humiliated?

Finest soccer player? You could argue about that, with players like Johan Cruyff still kicking a ball about in Barcelona. It might be more profitable to look at the record. Until two weeks ago, when he signed for a reputed $2.8 million to play four seasons for the New York Cosmos, Franz Beckenbauer was captain of the world-champion soccer club, F. C. Bayern of Munich. He had a nickname—Kaiser—which spoke volumes, and he was captain of the world-champion soccer nation, West Germany, for which he made 103 appearances in the national colors. He holds the title of European Footballer of the Year. At 31 he is in his soccer-playing prime. He is the obvious candidate to captain West Germany in its defense of the World Cup in Argentina next year, though the Cosmos now have a say about that.

The record aside, Beckenbauer is a ballplayer of superb skills and inventiveness, the kind that evokes from a crowd deep-drawn roars of appreciation more often than the sudden howl that greets a fine shot at goal. For he has always been a defensive and midfield player, occasionally—and devastatingly—running upfield to initiate an attack, but customarily dominating his team's half of the park. As such, he was one of the originators of that special development of the game in the '70s: "total" soccer, in which players switch position as the pattern of the game demands, a defender running up to strike at goal, a forward dropping back to close the defense

A rare prize, indeed, for the Cosmos, one that would have seemed unrealizable a few months back. But the idea of acquiring Beckenbauer had been in the mind of Clive Toye, president of the Cosmos, a good deal longer than that, and it

started to become a reality last September when, Toye says, "I went on a fishing expedition."

At the time, the Cosmos were in Belgium on a post-season tour. Toye gave the team two days off and drove with his chief coach, Gordon Bradley, into Germany, to Bochum on the Ruhr, where Bayern was to play that afternoon. "We discovered that the team was staying at a little country inn called Der Krumme Weg [The Crooked Way]," Toye says, "and that the players were just about to start their pregame lunch. Gordon and I knew Dettmar Cramer, the coach of F. C. Bayern, well and he invited us to join them. We turned the talk to soccer in the U.S., and we also asked whether Gordon might spend a month with Bayern that winter studying its methods."

So in October, over Bradley went. He took a genuine refresher course, but he also infiltrated the camp, and he finally broached the subject of playing with the Cosmos to Beckenbauer. After many hours, dinners and meetings, the German star began to see the point of coming to the U.S. In November Toye went over with a financial man. "We kept up total security," says Toye, "taking cabs to the middle of the woods in Munich, changing houses and cars three times in an evening. Any early publicity would have been disastrous. The pressures on Franz would have been too heavy—as they almost turned out to be."

Beckenbauer was going off in December to play in the world club championship aginst Cruzeiro of Brazil. The team was leaving on the 26th, and he wanted to have some firm proposals to look at while he was there. On Christmas Eve the Cosmos rushed a formal offer on paper to Germany by courier, and at 5 a.m. Christmas morning Toye got a call in New York from Robert Schwan, Franz's manager. "He woke me even before my kids did," says Toye. Schwan said that they were looking at the offer very seriously.

Beckenbauer made his mind up five weeks later. He told the German officials that he was going to the Cosmos, and everything seemed settled. But then trouble started. Beckenbauer's teammates, most of them World Cup veterans, started in on him. So did the officials of the West German Federation. He was offered the job of national coach when he retired. Adidas, the West German sportswear manufacturers, offered to double his contract. It was all too much for the Kaiser. He cabled Toye in New York, saying forget it.

"I let it lie for a while," says Toye. "Then I thought, I'm 3,000 miles away, and sitting next to Franz are people like Helmut Schön, the German national coach. If he were away from this pressure, would he change his mind? I went back to Munich for one more try. That was in mid-March. I told him he owed it to himself to come to New York and take a look around." So in April Beckenbauer flew over without publicity. Toye took him up in a helicopter to show him the Manhattan skyline and then across the Hudson to New Jersey for a look at the Giants' Meadowlands Stadium. That did it. "We shook hands on the deal," says Toye. "After that it was attorneys' work."

In the second of his games here, an exhibition last week against Lazio of Italy, Beckenbauer played farther upfield than he had against Tampa Bay, pushing perfectly timed passes to the feet of Giorgio Chinaglia, Pelé, Ramon Mifflin, *et al.* Monotonously, one after the other, the scoring chances he set up were wasted. The two goals that the Cosmos scored in reply to Lazio's three were from set-piece, free-kick situations, the kind of shots that can be well rehearsed in practice.

Immediately after the Tampa Bay game, *Bildzeitung*, the sensationalist German tabloid, carried banner headlines saying that Franz was unhappy, homesick, *kaputt*. *Bild* is not Beckenbauer's favorite newspaper. (Indeed, some say that it was to get away from its numerous stories about his alleged love affairs and their effect on his marriage that he accepted the Cosmos' offer.) Last week he said that when he read the German papers he had the feeling that Münchhausen, the traditional teller of tall tales, was not dead. And he professed confidence in the Cosmos' future and his with them.

"In Tampa they tell me the ball was passed to me 78 times," he says. "That means my teammates played to me, sought me out. They are openhearted, and I had not expected this. Technically, we have problems. Leadership is missing a little. With so many nationalities, there are difficulties of understanding."

Nevertheless, last Sunday afternoon at Meadowlands it seemed that Münchhausen did exist after all—as a teller of tales with happy endings. Led by the Kaiser, the Cosmos came together as a team and drubbed Toronto, the NASL Northern Division co-leader, 6–0. Three minutes into the game Beckenbauer slid a long midfield pass forward to start a movement that ended in the first goal of a torrent that included three by Steve Hunt, two by Chinaglia and an NASL record four assists by Vitomir Dimitrijevic.

A dose of victory would seem to be a cure for *Kulturschock*. **END**

In a losing game against Tampa Bay, Beckenbauer got one goal, while teammate Pelé went scoreless.





Erving rising spectacularly above Corky Calhoun in Game Five averaged better than 30 points per game and was the heart and soul of Philadelphia's effort

ALL FOR ONE SURE BEATS ONE FOR ALL

Dr. J was his usual outasight, but one man can't beat five, particularly when five men play like one, as Portland did to win the NBA title **by Curry Kirkpatrick**

At the end last Sunday, as bare-chested Bill Walton stood there, one moment higher than the highest mountain, the next submerged by Blazermaniacs deeper than the deep blue sea, Julius Erving would have been forgiven had he raised the roster of the Philadelphia 76ers over his head and jam-dunked it into the nearest garbage can.

The Portland Trail Blazers had whiplashed the 76ers four times in eight days to win the NBA championship, simply because whenever Walton rolled his arms over his head in those strange, jerky circles, all of Multnomah County came to his aid, but when Erving asked for help, what most of the 76ers came up with was zilch.

Before Portland's clinching 109–107 victory on Sunday, only Doug Collins had joined Erving in fending off the Blazer legions of Bob Gross, Lionel Hollins, Johnny Davis, Dave Twardzik and Maurice Lucas. Then in Game Six, George McGinnis finally got his act together with 28 points.

But it was too late. The Sixers had waited too long to care that here was the magnificent Dr. J playing his heart out—one against all, 40 points on Sunday, 182 points for the series—and there were the Trail Blazers wrapping up the title with another disciplined, unselfish, well-balanced job of teamwork.

Up to the stirring final moments of the last game, the bright, new champions—Portland's starting team averages 23 years of age and 2.2 years of pro experience—seemed too young and carefree to be impressed with the fact that they were embarrassing the fat cats from the East.

Gross was flipping in some implausible shots, scoring 24 points and doing everything possible to keep Erving down among mere mortals. Hollins and Davis

and Twardzik were running relay races by the 76er guards to the tune of 40 points to 21. Lucas was snatching key rebounds and sinking key free throws. Walton? The Big Guy was in full cry, ringing up his usual rather glorious individual numbers, such as 20 points, 23 rebounds, seven assists and eight blocked shots.

"He changed everything we tried to do," McGinnis said.

"He's an inspiration," Erving said.

"Bill Walton is the best player, best competitor, best person I have ever coached," said Portland Coach Jack Ramsay.

Though the 76ers for once had started off a game as if they had not just awakened after an all-night drunk—that is, started crisply, efficiently and tied the Blazers 27-all at the end of the first quarter—Portland rolled to a 15-point lead in the second period and led by 14 in the third and by 12 in the middle of the fourth. At any instant it appeared as if the Trail Blazers would take off for another blowout.

But Philadelphia did not quit this time. Dr. J kept operating and the Blazer advantage diminished from 102–90 to 102–98 with 4:14 left. Lucas' two free throws gave Portland a 108–100 lead, but there was still time and here came the 76ers again.

Lloyd Free's foul shot and Erving's 20-footer got them to within five points. Two foul shots by Erving, and they were within three. Lucas made another free throw and Walton blocked another Philly shot, but McGinnis hit a jumper and the 76ers were just two points down with 18 seconds left.

"The end of the game was a total blank," Twardzik recalled. What he missed was McGinnis tying up Gross and winning the resulting jump so that Philly got three more shots to at least tie the contest. "It would have been our game," said Erving.

But with eight seconds remaining, the Doctor shot from straightaway behind the foul line and missed. ("As a rebounder and defender I assume everybody's going to miss," said Walton.)

With five seconds to go, Free shot from the baseline, but he was sandwiched between Hollins and Gross. His shot didn't go in either and Gross knocked the ball out of bounds.

With one second left, McGinnis, driving to the right, pushed up one final funny shotput jumper, but this one bounced off also. After Walton leaped to knock the ball away and secure the NBA championship for Portland, he whirled, ripped off his shirt and heaved it in the general direction of where he'd been swatting the Sixers' shots for a whole week: right into the heart of Blazermania.

"If I had caught the shirt, I would have eaten it," said Lucas. "Bill's my hero."

Not to mention the hero of everyone who has ever set foot on the Oregon Trail. "Did I plan the shirt?" Walton laughed at the question as people tried to shower his red hair and beard with champagne, beer and other wicked libations. "I only planned on winning," he said.

"Dr. J is incredibly tough," he added, "but we are not into stardom here. The 76ers played with their guts and their pride today and they didn't try to star. That's why both teams played close. But once we learn how to beat a team, we can do it and keep doing it."

Then Walton asked, "Where's my fruit juice?"

The sweeping collapse of the 76ers might have seemed melodramatic had it not been so comical and, given the schizophrenic nature of the species, so thoroughly predictable. Philly's downfall probably began on an airplane somewhere over Des Moines during the team's trip West after the first two games. It was then that the Sixers stopped taking the Blazers seriously and started debating whether to give Erving all their playoff shares or just buy him the Liberty Bell as a thank-you present.

Philadelphia had won the first two handily by combining good concentration on defense with its DDT (Doc plus Doug plus Think) offense. Little did this marvelously motley crew of infantile thrillionaires realize that their plane was flying directly into the teeth of the Portland storm.

The third game, in which the Trail Blazers ran roughshod through the visitors, was bad enough. So were the torrents of rain that kept falling and washing out the BEWARE, DUCK CROSSING road signs. But Blazermania also featured such items as long umbrella-studded lines at the Memorial Coliseum ticket windows 48 hours before they opened and policemen interrupting radio dispatches to report game scores.

One night a 7-year-old boy was ar-

continued

Almost everything in the playoffs was difficult for McGinnis (far right), including collaring a loose ball.





Twardzik, going for a layup against Bryant (23), came off the bench that produced so well for Ramsay

rested for scalping tickets. Another night a man in a rainbow-colored Afro wig, Rockin' Rollen Stewart, showed up at the Coliseum to say he was "a trippin' dude representing the people pleasers." Whole neighborhoods gathered to watch the games on television. Woodburn, Ore. sent a telegram to the Blazers and signed it, 781 names strong. Local newspapermen gathered all the objectivity they could muster to address the Portland coaching staff in the first person plural, e.g., "What do we do here that we don't do in Philly, Jack?"

Even before the humiliating 130–98 pasting the 76ers took in Game Four, it appeared as if some sort of grenade had exploded in the Philly camp. Among the ongoing atrocities was Free's request to go home because his sore ribs hurt too much to play in the biggest games of his life. "Lloyd is 85% well," said team physician Stanley Lorber. "Some people just don't want to play."

Fourth Forward Joe (Jelly Bean) Bryant, who did want to, contributed some nasty verbal slaps at third Forward Steve Mix for "not really playing 100%. As soon as we started losing, Steve didn't feel well," said Jelly Bean. "Any given day I'll beat Steve's face in any aspect of the game."

Sixer Coach Gene Shue spent the hours he wasn't working on his backhand—"Tennis clears my mind. I don't want to overthink," he said—closing practices or canceling them outright. A 76er official was asked if this was done out of a need for secrecy. "No," he said, "out of embarrassment."

Behind closed doors, McGinnis, laboring through one of the worst slumps any superstar chain smoker ever experienced, got solace from his teammates. Every time Un-gorgeous George put up a jumper, the 76ers shouted "brick, brick"—the NBA term for an incredibly horrible shot. Once when McGinnis was wide open under the basket, a teammate deliberately hurled a pass over his head into the seats, as everybody laughed. McGinnis must have figured this was at least as hilarious as the banner at the Spectrum which spelled his name McGOONts.

In an effort to reverse the outcome of Game Three, Shue decided to take Collins' perimeter shooting out of the offense and force the ball inside to McGinnis and Caldwell Jones, who together would challenge Walton. The effect of the strategy was debatable to say the least.

In the first 1:30 of Game Four, McGinnis twice got his shot shoved down his throat by Walton and twice turned the ball over himself. He surrendered seven quick points to Lucas, and the Blazers were off and running to a 28–11 lead.

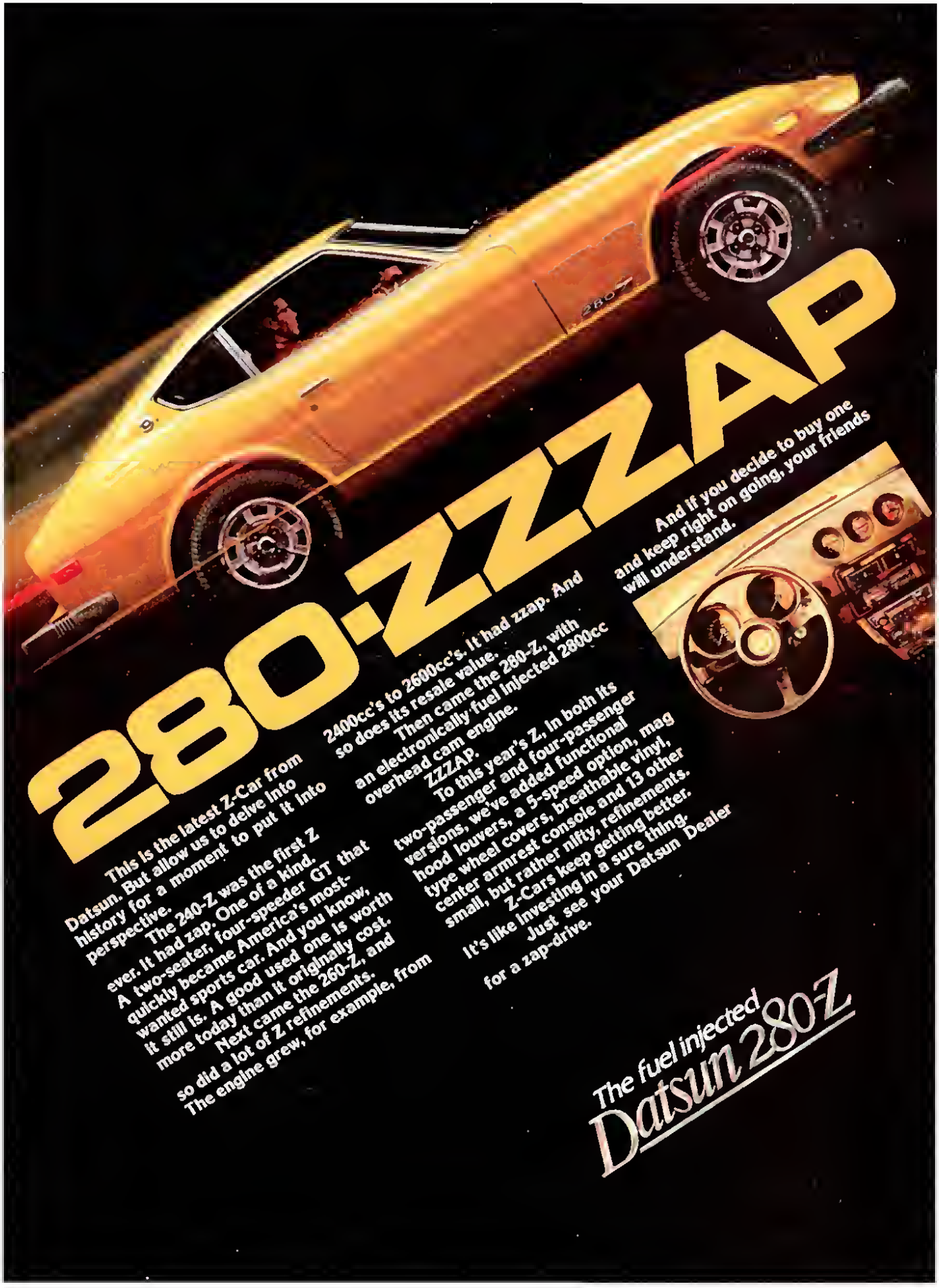
Jones, who wears a sun visor off the court, may have been perplexed at the lack of rays in Portland or intimidated by Walton's huge shadow enveloping the lane. In the first two games in Portland, Jones had a grand total of seven points and nine fouls, and performed as if he couldn't wait to get to a TV set for what he once described as his greatest thrill: "When *The Flintstones* went from half an hour to an hour. A full 60 of Fred and Barney. Wow!"

In the third quarter of Game Four, Collins mustered some offense and Walton went to the bench with his fifth foul at 7:02. All the Trail Blazers did then was install Lloyd Neal at center and stage a fast break-and-layup clinic, expanding a 71–55 lead to 98–67 by the end of the period. That's a 15-point swell *without* Walton.

Dr. J was so frustrated by the defense of Gross and other Blazers lying in wait in their ill-disguised zone that when he finally got a chance to take off on one of his Ferris wheel, dynamite-slam numbers, he threw the ball down through the hoop so hard he hit himself in the forehead. Erving is believed to be the first man to give what the players call "a facial" to himself.

As Hollins broke out of a personal trance with 25 points and as the Portland lead grew to a mellow 41 points, the 76ers (minus Dr. J), loafed, sulked, laughed and quit, while Darryl Dawkins tried to shatter both backboards with his

continued


280-ZZZAP
This is the latest Z-Car from Datsun. But allow us to delve into history for a moment to put it into perspective.
The 240-Z was the first Z ever. It had zap. One of a kind. A two-seater, four-speeder GT that quickly became America's most-wanted sports car. And you know, it still is. A good used one is worth more today than it originally cost.
Next came the 260-Z, and so did a lot of Z refinements. The engine grew, for example, from 2400cc's to 2600cc's. It had zzap. And so does its resale value.
Then came the 280-Z, with an electronically fuel injected 2800cc overhead cam engine.
ZZZAP.
To this year's Z, in both its two-passenger and four-passenger versions, we've added functional hood louvers, a 5-speed option, mag type wheel covers, breathable vinyl, center armrest console and 13 other small, but rather nifty, refinements.
Z-Cars keep getting better.
It's like investing in a sure thing.
Just see your Datsun Dealer for a zap-drive.
And if you decide to buy one and keep right on going, your friends will understand.
The fuel injected Datsun 280-Z

New low-tar with that Tareyton plus:

Flavor improved by charcoal.

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency reports that charcoal is the best available method for filtering water. It's also used to mellow the taste of the finest bourbons.

Plain white filters remove taste. Tareyton's charcoal filter actually improves flavor. That's why Tareyton goes low-tar one better.



Only 8 mg.

New Tareyton lights

Also Tareyton Filter Kings and 100's



"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch."

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine
King Size: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, 100 mm: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method

teeth and/or throw at least one outlet pass to Canada.

Erving, who scored 24 points, was not amused. "We got to challenge the other team," he said. "Be aggressive. Get some big axes and chop arms and legs." Dr. J was asked why he seemed to be forcing his own game. "Nobody else—uh, nothing else—is working," he said, slipping for once from his admirable doctoral diplomacy.

Erving was correct, of course. McGinnis, shooting 16 for 48 and saying, "I feel like a blind man searching for the men's room," was disintegrating from being merely terrible to being a monster turkey and recalling such wonderful fold-ups as Gil Hodges' in the 1952 World Series, Fran Tarkenton's in the Super Bowl and George Foreman's on Planet Earth.

Jones was out to lunch and so, too, it seemed, was Dawkins, the ferocious Dawk reduced to a Squawk since his scary fisticuffs with Lucas in Game Two. Collins looked battered and unhappy. Even the usually dependable Henry Bibby, whom the 76ers call Julio, because of his Hispanic features, missed 14 of 19 shots in Portland.

Everybody was knocking everybody else while Shue was swatting tennis balls. "We don't hold grudges," said the coach, and smiled.

Portland's Squirmin' Herman Gilliam summed up the 76ers' plight. "I hear them yelling in the warmups to 'get together!' " he said. "That isn't normal. That team can fall apart much easier than it can pull together."

On Portland's flight back East, Ramsay nonchalantly did a crossword puzzle, Lucas read a paperback and Gross pored through *High Times* magazine, the dopers' bible. "It's Bill's," Gross said, pointing to Walton, who was sprawled across two seats, listening to The Grateful Dead.

"We're 10 points better than the other guys—on both courts," said Portland Assistant Coach Jack McKinney.

On Friday night both teams went about choking themselves to death during a pitiful first half in which Portland led 45–41 mainly because Walton was intimidating everybody except Erving, who scored 20 points.

But in the third quarter, after McGinnis finally woke up to lead a rally that enabled the Sixers to cut the lead to 53–52, the home team collapsed again. As Twardzik made steals and fed passes, as Walton (14 points, 24 rebounds) and Lucas (20 and 13) controlled the glass; as Gross turned into Dr. G, scoring 11 points in the quarter (and 25 in 25 minutes) while holding his fellow physician to four, the Trail Blazers went on a 17–2 burst that ran the 76ers right out of their own building.

The explosion provided Portland with its third 40-point plus quarter in three games as well as effectively deciding the outcome. After the Blazers took a 91–69 lead with 8:28 to go, those fans who weren't booing were heading for the exits as if 76er owner Fitz Dixon had screamed "Fire!"

While Dixon's millions went up in smoke, Erving, Collins and the hyperactive Jelly Bean led Philadelphia back to a semirespectable 110–104 defeat. Dr. J, again spectacular with 37 points, shook his head in the locker room. "I had a good feeling about tonight," he said. "It all backfired. It's a bad scene."

Bryant again accused some of his teammates of giving up. Collins said what Bryant saw was confusion, not quitters. Free said he didn't want to play Sunday. Shue smiled and slammed a door. Dawkins filled his tote bag with soda pop cans, then slammed a cooler. McGinnis saw former 76er Billy Cunningham and said, "Hey, Bill, can I borrow a smoke?" Mix said, "Can you believe the head cases on this team?"

During the 76ers' charter flight to Portland on Saturday (where 5,000 fans had greeted the Blazers at 4:30 a.m.), it was easy to believe anything. Most of the wives and girl friends were along. Poker money exchanged hands and tape decks blared. Mix prepared ice cream sundaes. Free complained about his ribs.

The Dawk recited poetry: "I love fast cars, cool summer breezes. Love when I want to and quit when I pleases." Turquoise Erving refused to take bows for being a propheless. A 76er official announced over the P.A. that Shue was buying dinner for the entire plane and "you don't even have to eat with him." Was this a circus act or a Ship of Fools?

Caldwell Jones was asked what it was all coming down to. "I'm missing the cartoons," he said. "I be glad when basketball be over so I can get back to my 'toons."

On Sunday pro basketball finally was over. Only the Philadelphia 'toons flickered on. **END**

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TO THE RIGHT, TO THE LEFT, HOLD IT!

When the U.S. Golf Association hosts the Open, as it will next week in Tulsa, its officials are lords of all they survey, measuring out a heady dose of trouble by adjusting yardage, the rough on the course, and even the density of the trees

by Sarah Pileggi

On a morning in early May two middle-aged men met in Tulsa for a round of golf. The day was already warm at 8:30 as they stood high on the 1st tee looking down a tunnel of trees that is the 1st fairway. Five miles in the distance the white towers of downtown Tulsa rose like a modern Cadiz against the clear blue Oklahoma sky.

The talk on the tee was the friendly banter of weekend golfers, but this was to be no ordinary round. The course was Southern Hills, where the U.S. Open will be held next week, and the players were P. J Boatwright Jr , executive director of the United States Golf Association, and Frank D. (Sandy) Tatum Jr., a San Francisco lawyer who is chairman of the USGA's Championship Committee.

These are the people who have set up Southern Hills for the Open. A year ago they produced a memorandum, addressed to the chairman of the club course committee, that gave hole-by-hole instructions for preparing the course. The round of golf was to be the last step in the process of readying the layout for the national championship.

To the USGA, setting up the Open course is an annual demonstration of its philosophy, which is, at bottom, If God Gave Us 14 Clubs He Must Have Meant Us to Use Them. To the players, if one can believe what one hears, four days on a course set up by the USGA is four days on the rack. If matters proceed according to schedule, one week from now the decisions that Tatum and Boatwright have made at Southern Hills will have earned them the undying enmity of at least some of "the best players in the world," as the PGA tour often refers to its collective self. At best, the USGA officials' motives will be impugned. At worst, their antecedents will be called into question. It happens every year; only the intensity of the criticism varies. Last June, at the Atlanta Athletic Club, the abuse directed at the USGA's striped-tie-and-blue-armband brigade was enough to make a Phillie fan blush.

This year the grumbling began even before anyone had seen the course. Bob Toski, who was a touring pro from 1948 to 1958 but now is known mainly as a teacher, wrote a column for the June issue of *Golf Digest* about the way the USGA runs the Open. "What will confront the field at Southern Hills . . . is typical," he said. "By converting the 13th hole into a par-4 from a par-5 without an appreciable change in the yardage, the par has been reduced from 71 to 70. . . . You make a fool of the professional and demean his talent by chopping down par and tricking up the course."

Toski overlooked the fact that in 1970, when the PGA held its championship at Southern Hills and the USGA was nowhere near the premises, par was also 70 because the 13th had been changed from a 545-yard par-5 to a 470-yard par-4. Furthermore, the rough was so deep that Dave Stockton, the winner with a total score of 279, one under par, said recently, "I can still see Mason Rudolph on 10, standing in grass that was knee deep."

Toski concluded his column by saying, "I'm convinced that their objective is to build a monument to themselves."

The U.S. Open is, indeed, a monument to the USGA. It and the Amateur Championship are the oldest institutions in American golf, both dating to 1895. In golf's apostolic succession they are America's links to Old Tom Morris, John Ball and the sport's Scottish heritage.

Like the game, but a bit slower, the USGA has evolved into a mid-20th-century phenomenon. By common consent of the country's golf organizations, it interprets the rules, codifies the handicaps, defines amateurism, tests equipment and develops new grasses. It conducts 10 national championships a year and four international team competitions, and for all this nobody pays the USGA the slightest mind. But come June and Open time, when it presumes to tamper with the inalienable right of a pro to reach a par-5 in two, the USGA becomes everybody's whipping boy.

There are two schools of golf-course architecture. One holds that every shot should be to a target and that every target should be protected. The USGA leans toward this school. The other maintains that the putting area should be defended to the death, but how the golfer gets there does not matter so much. Augusta National, with its wide-open fairways and negligible rough, is an excellent example of this school.

Southern Hills is close to the USGA ideal. Its greens are small, its fairways are narrow and, though it is a mature course, it is not so old that the game's technical advances have made it obsolete. Its challenges are varied but it is not, like Winged Foot, intimidating.

The greens are bent grass from which all traces of grain and thatch have been combed and brushed and verticut away, and they are firm and fast. As Tatum and Boatwright played their final inspection round, the putting surfaces were already being cut to 3/32 of an inch.

continued



On his final inspection round at Southern Hills, Sandy Tatum of the USGA fixes a boundary while P J Boatwright tests life and limb hitting from the rough





The sprawling stucco clubhouse built in the Depression stands above the toughened finishing hole

Sonny Faust, the 29-year-old superintendent, had seen the course through one of the hardest winters in memory. He lost five acres of grass to the cold in January, almost every north-facing slope on the course. This spring he laid 20,000 feet of new sod in the playing areas and hydroseeded some four acres elsewhere. The day of the Tatum-Boatwright match, the outlines of the Bermuda rough were just becoming visible in most places. But after a month of 90° days and 70° nights Southern Hills will have rough worthy of the best players in the world, who, of course, will hate it.

Open rough is intended to penalize bad shots. The USGA's championship manual, the booklet that serves as a guide to clubs preparing for USGA events, says, "Where the rough is thin, a cut of six to eight inches might be desirable; where heavy and matted . . . a cut of even four inches might not be sufficiently low" and "The rough should not be so deep as to make a recovery impossible or to increase greatly the prospect of lost balls, but it should not be so thin that a wood or long iron can be played from it without difficulty."

At Southern Hills the Bermuda is of a particularly virile strain, and the USGA is proceeding carefully. Tatum has asked that the rough, which originally was to be 3½ inches, be maintained at only three inches until he arrives in Tulsa this week. Then he will decide whether it should be taken down to, say, 2½, or allowed to grow, in the final days, to 3½. Tatum's caution may have risen out of his memory of Ben Hogan on the 18th hole in his 1955 Open playoff with Jack Fleck at the Olympic Country Club in San Francisco, where the rough was downright immoral.

"Hogan was one shot behind Fleck on the tee," says Tatum. "There was some sand on the tee and his foot slipped and he snap-hooked into some awful stuff. He took a full swing with a wedge and the ball went two or three yards. Then he took another full swing and still didn't get the ball to the fairway. He took a six on the hole."

On occasion the best-laid plans go awry. That year both the club and the USGA felt that they had a problem in Olympic's 7th hole. It was a par-4 of only 266 yards and obviously needed tightening. Their solution was to allow rough to grow all over the fairway except for a small landing area engagingly named the Dewdrop. In addition, a bunker was extended across the face of the green and back along the sides. And, as if that were not enough, a crown was built into the center of the putting surface.

A USGA official who was there says, "The 7th was aberrational. It justified every 'tricked up' accusation ever thrown at the USGA. Balls caromed off that mound all over the place."

Sometimes problems are created by the nature of the USGA itself. The organization is made up not of individual members but of clubs, including, of course, the clubs that donate their layouts to the Open. The question of how the Open course is to be set up sometimes becomes a contest of wills between members of the host club and the USGA's executive committee. Olympic in 1955 was a prime example. So was Oakmont in 1953, when the club insisted that the bunkers be raked in the traditional way, with a special Oakmont bunker rake that left furrows three inches deep. The USGA said no, and a bitter impasse existed until the club greens committee chairman, a wise man, devised a compromise bunker rake that made shallower furrows.

But the watershed in relations between host clubs and the USGA was reached at the 1951 Open at Oakland Hills near Detroit. Proud of its tough, old Donald Ross course, Oakland Hills was not about to sit idly by while a new generation of golfers laid it waste. So the club hired Robert Trent Jones to tighten up the layout. The result was what Ben Hogan, the winner, angrily described as "this monster." The dismay with which the USGA viewed the finished product was reflected in this carefully worded summation of events in the July 1951 *USGA Journal*:

"Besides the new bunkers, the rough before the tournament encroached deep into the normal fairway and was quite thick on some holes. The USGA Championship Committee, headed by John D. Ames, tempered these conditions some-

what by having the rough trimmed in spots, both as to height and to reduce the narrowness of some fairways. It was not possible at that hour, however, to produce the uniform USGA championship conditions prescribed . . . in the USGA Golf Championship Manual. . . ."

Since then there have been skirmishes, but the championship committee now has the upper hand and insists on being consulted before decisions, large and small, are made. Joe Dey, who was USGA executive director from 1934 until 1969, says, "Some clubs didn't want the competitors to break par and others wanted lots of birdies to draw the crowds. The aim of the USGA was to have a relatively standard test."

One man's meat is another's monster, though, and some give and take remains. At Southern Hills there has been disagreement about the location of the 18th tee. Normally the 18th is a tough 428-yard par-4 with a dogleg to the right and an elevated green with only a narrow opening. It requires a well-placed tee shot and a long iron from there. For the 1958 Open at Southern Hills, a new tee was built behind a creek, adding 20 yards. It was used on that occasion but has not been since. This year, after considerable back and forth, it has been decided to use the 1958 tee, which means that an already demanding drive will become even more so.

Tatum says, however, that the USGA "will continue to evaluate the play every day, taking into account the wind factor, so that the integrity of the design of the hole will be preserved." In other words, the battle was decided but not necessarily the war.

Two new tees were built for next week's Open, but the USGA has chosen to use only one of them. The new tee on the 569-yard 16th, a par-5 that easily could be reached in two with the help of the prevailing southwest wind, has added 25 yards to the distance, but it has also eased the angle of the tee shot. Now a player can, or at least will think he can, haul off and slug one, a rare opportunity at Southern Hills.

The other new tee, on the par-3 6th hole, up and to the left of the old one, was rejected because Tatum and Boatwright felt that the plan of the green—its contours, the location of its bunkers, its best pin placements—was more responsive to the angle from the old tee.

Two of the hardest pars on the course are at the 12th and 13th holes. Twelve is a 444-yard par-4 with a dogleg to the left and a right-to-left slant to the fairway. Its green is set behind a creek and two bunkers in a glen of shade trees. Ben Hogan has called it one of the greatest par-4s in America. Because the second shot is so difficult—from a side-hill lie and beset by hazards—the USGA has decided to leave, instead of rough, a six-foot collar of fairway-length grass around the edge of the putting surface to ease the chip shots.

This generous gesture will probably go unnoticed, however, in the hullahaloo that will undoubtedly arise over changing the 13th from a short par-5 to a long par-4.

As Boatwright and Tatum made their way around the course they paced off the fairways here and there, making sure the widths were what they had asked for. They sampled most of the hazards, sometimes on purpose. On the 2nd hole they ordered a tree limb cut off. On the 5th they worried about the condition of the turf in the landing area. On the 6th they established drop areas alongside an out-of-bounds fence. On the 15th they instructed the course superintendent to remove a couple of small trees that obscured the view of a fairway bunker from the tee. ("A good example of the arboretum syndrome," said Tatum.)

They also had a pretty good time—Sandy Tatum, the 1942 NCAA champion, and P. J. Boatwright, the 1957 and 1959 Carolinas Open champion. The temperature was in the 70s. Dogs were barking in distant yards. Birds trilled, soft breezes blew and the smell of honeysuckle was in the air. It was a nice day to be alive and playing golf. For the record, Tatum won the match, 3 and 2. END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE



The 444-yard 12th, which Hogan calls one of America's greatest par-4s, should play easier with a collar of fairway length grass—rather than Open rough—around the green



IF ONLY LUCK WILL BE A LADY

... and stick around a few more nights, the guys and dolls who own Seattle Slew will have themselves a Belmont Stakes victory and a Triple Crown

by ***DOUGLAS S. LOONEY***

Luck is an odd thing. People sometimes say, "I'd rather be lucky than good anytime," but they don't mean it. For to credit luck—as in being born under a lucky star or with a silver spoon in your mouth—is somehow to discredit one's own abilities. Who wants to do that? So to praise a person for his luck has come to be condescending, a kind of backhanded compliment, even a catty affirmation that, sadly, talent doesn't count for everything.

Nevertheless, meet Mickey Lucky, one of the four owners (all in their 30s) of Seattle Slew. Slew is a racehorse of great and perhaps wondrous abilities—and has had some luck himself—who tries Saturday in the Belmont Stakes to become the first undefeated thoroughbred to win the Triple Crown. O.K., Mickey's birth certificate *does* say his last name is Taylor, but hospitals make mistakes.

Mickey subscribes to the theory that "the harder I work, the luckier I get." He is a diligent man with a keen, even exceptional, eye for business. But Dame Fortune has called on him so often over the years that he now lists her as a dependent on his income tax return. He has to. About five years ago she moved in with Mick and his wife Karen, in their cream and brown trailer in White Swan, Wash. That week Mickey went to a Los Angeles track and bet on an 80-to-1 shot. The big favorite in the race acted up in the starting gate and was scratched; Mickey's pick won and returned $62,000 to Taylor. Says Mickey, "I made my score, wrapped up my horns and stopped gambling." Hello, Lucky.

To get to White Swan, it is necessary to drive to nowhere, then turn right. The town of 220 is located in the heart of the Yakima Indian Reservation. The main points of interest are the sagebrush and the Texaco station. All of which proves anew that you don't need a huge launching pad and bright lights to become a shooting star. The Taylors have swept across the country and stunned the staid racing community in the East, which believes if you're not a Vanderbilt or a Whitney, or at least very comfortable breaking bread with them, then you probably don't belong in the big time.

In truth, Mickey Taylor, a logger and a son of a logger, can appear out of place. He wears cowboy boots, and when made to put on a tie, looks like a little boy forced to dress up for Sunday School. Karen is the former airline stew whose eyes can be seen lighting up TV screens nightly as she rhapsodizes on Slew. Together they produce the appearance of Jet Set glamour and all-American wholesomeness. They belong in a Norman Rockwell painting. Get a frame.

Sharing in the good fortune, if not in the publicity, and very much belonging in a Rockwell work themselves, are co-owners Dr. and Mrs. Jim Hill of Garden City, L.I. To get to Garden City, drive to Manhattan and call a cab. Hill, the son of a Florida rancher and sometime shrimper, is the veterinarian who pointed to Slew and insisted to Mickey Taylor that the colt was worth $17,500. Slew's price is now $10 million, give or take a few million. Hello, Lucky. Sally Hill, who describes herself as the one among the four who "comes late and leaves early," is the chief party-giver.

And that is important. For the Taylors, the Hills and an army of friends are laughing and partying like there's no tomorrow. Mickey stumbled out the other morning after an especially gratifying evening and muttered, "Did any of you get the license number of that Jack Daniel's bottle that ran over me?" A friend said he didn't happen to and went on to lament, "I got back to the hotel and threw my clothes all over the room." Said Mickey, "So did I, only I was still wearing them."

As Slew started his blitz this season, it was widely assumed that Karen Taylor was the sole owner. After all, it said so in racing programs and in all the stories. And Karen is adept at playing the press like a piano, seldom hitting discords. "Working for the airlines got me used to being hassled," she says. Then it started dawning on people that Mickey was more than the owner's husband, and so by Kentucky Derby time he was shar-

continued

The way their unbeaten colt has been running, the sky seems the limit, but (left to right) Jockey Jean Cruguet, the Taylors and the Hills would surely settle right now for the Belmont bowl

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ing equal billing with Karen in conversations around the barns.

Meanwhile, the Hills were always in evidence. But he was viewed simply as the vet, she as the vet's wife. Asked at Hialeah several months ago what was wrong with Slew that required his constant presence, Hill said, "It's not what's wrong, it's what's right." Nobody understood, but everyone smiled. By Preakness time it was becoming clear what was right was that the Hills owned Slew, too. The press had trouble with this. In one article, Hill was referred to as Dr. Jim Smith, in another, Sally was called Barbara. With no rancor, Hill observed that a Louisville paper, in 26 pages of Derby coverage, mentioned him once. "It only bothers me because Slew may be one of the great horses of all time and I'll just be known as the vet."

Today each of the four has a definite role: Karen is the PR person, the bright and earnest interview who can always give television 30 cheery seconds; Mickey is the business brain; Hill is in charge of Slew's health; and Sally is emerging as a marketing pro (that's her profession) who will have much to say in the days ahead as SS goes commercial. But, Sally admits, "Jim and Mickey have one tremendous talent—ignoring Karen and me." Amid all the hoopla, Mickey observes, "If you can't enjoy this, there's something wrong with you." Still, it was left to Hill to remind the group of this fact the other day when confusion was mounting and tempers were fraying. "Hey, we have to stop and enjoy this," he said. "The four of us are so lucky to walk this way." There's that word again.

While the four of them are equal owners (Slew belongs to their corporation but, because of New York's rules of racing, must run in just one person's name), Mickey is largely responsible for all that has happened. In 1972 he bought a logging company in White Swan whose two previous owners had gone bankrupt. The equipment was studied by experts and classified as junk. But as Oscar Heglar, a Taylor employee at the company, says, "They didn't know that Mickey can make anything run with a piece of wire and a wooden plug."

Taylor was trying to scrape out an existence by dealing in pulp, the poorest wood left over after boards are made out of the good stuff. It was costing him about $40 per 1,000 board feet and he was selling it for $45. Because other loggers didn't want to mess with pulp for this small return, Mickey collected a bunch of it. "People really thought I was goofy," says Taylor. At which time the great paper shortage hit, pulp suddenly was in huge demand, and in a little more than a month, Taylor unloaded around 16 million board feet—at an average of $130 per 1,000. Did he buy up a lot of pulp because he saw the paper shortage coming? "Nope." Hello, Lucky.

It was also in this period that a storm hit the area, blowing down thousands of trees. The federal government estimated there might be 2.5 million board feet and Mickey purchased the rights to it, or whatever turned out to be there. The total ultimately was 11 million board feet. Fortunate. With a few extra dollars in his jeans, Mickey responded to Karen's urging that he buy her a horse. She had in mind a saddle horse, that being the only thing her parents can remember de-

continued

EVERY OTHER COLT MET HIS MATCH

On a mid-August afternoon in 1954 Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, who trained Triple Crown winners Gallant Fox (1930) and Omaha (1935), was seated in a camp chair not far from the shore of Lake Desolation, his summer retreat near Saratoga in upstate New York. Nashua was four years old at the time, Bold Ruler two and Mr. Fitz 80. A crutch rested on his legs, his bow tie was sprightly and his blue eyes sparkled. When asked how many of the 1,001 ways to lose a horse race he could name, Fitzsimmons leaned forward and said, "Probably all of them. And maybe alphabetically, too. Acting up in the gate is one, altering course another and away poorly a third. Then it gets real good—blinkers slipped, blew the turn, blocked, bore in, bore out, bothered, bumped. In the old days we had boy dropped battery. I have had a horse hit by lightning when he was on the lead, and I read about one that jumped the inner rail and drowned in an infield lake. But there really are only 1,000 excuses a good trainer can use. The 1,001st, a trainer never admits to. That is when someone else comes down the pike with a better horse and just plain beats you."

Seattle Slew's owners have not had to resort to excuses so far. And it is not likely that they will have to this Saturday, for the heavy odds are that Slew will become the only classic colt in the 102 years the events have been contested to go unbeaten in the first 18 months of his racing career. Six of the nine previous Triple Crown winners—Sir Barton, Gallant Fox, Omaha, Count Fleet, Assault and Secretariat—lost their first start. War Admiral was beaten in his third, Whirlaway in his second and Citation in his fifth. It seldom takes long.

Sir Barton lost his first six races, finally breaking his maiden in the Kentucky Derby. Omaha ran for three years, two in this country and one in England, and never was able to win three straight in one season. He took the Derby and Preakness, lost the Withers, then won the Belmont. Only two Triple Crown winners got through their 3-year-old seasons without a loss. War Admiral with eight victories and Count Fleet with six. Overall, the Triple Crown winners finished first in only 59% of their lifetime starts—168 of 285 races.

Of the horses considered by experts to be "great"—only Count Fleet and Citation of the Triple Crown colts are in this category—just three retired unbeaten. American Eclipse (1818-23) in eight starts, Colin (1907-08) in 15 and Tremont (1886) in 13. So if people believe that one day soon Seattle Slew will get his comeuppance, it is understandable.

Eight years ago this week Majestic Prince came into the Belmont walking ring with a 9 for 9 record and victories in the Kentucky Derby and Preakness. He had lost 40 pounds since his win at Churchill Downs five weeks before, and his legs were sore. Reluctantly obeying the owner's orders, Trainer John Longden started the colt. Majestic Prince finished second and broke down so badly he never raced again.

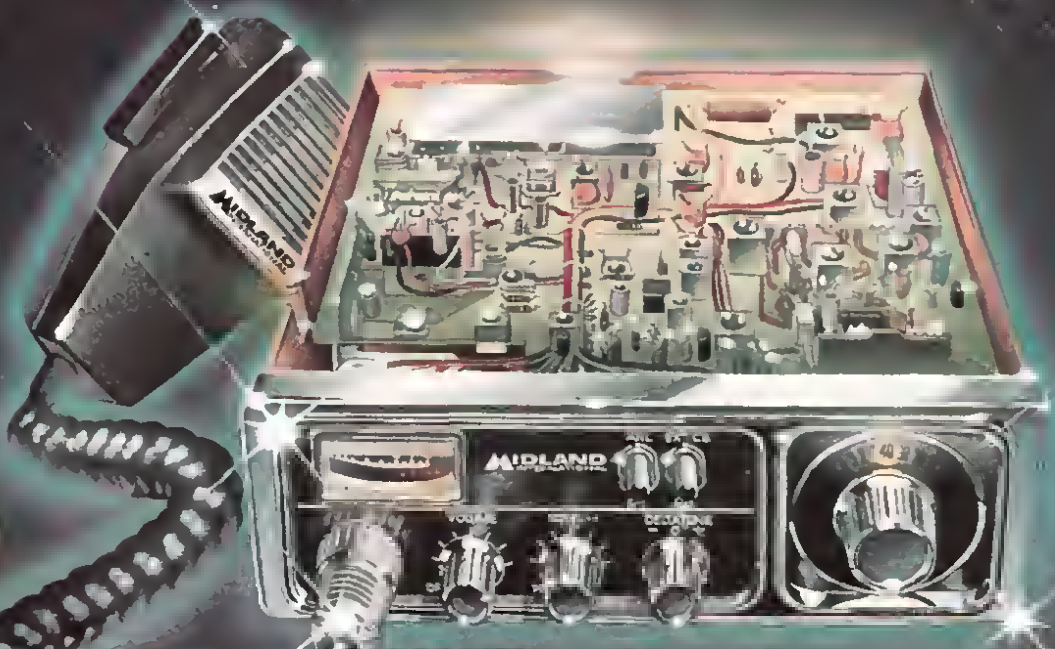
Two years ago Ruffian came into the Belmont walking ring with a 10 for 10 record for her foolish match race with Foolish Pleasure. She snapped her sesamoids that afternoon and had to be destroyed.

If Slew stretches his record to nine straight in the Belmont Stakes he will be a horse for the ages, one to build dreams on. Down the road, however, stands a nightmare. That is Forego, who may force the Taylors and the Hills to use the 1,001st excuse.

—WILLIAM LEGGETT

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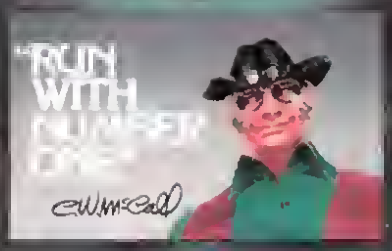
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nying her as a youngster growing up in Yakima. (When she was four, they gave her an Irish setter; she promptly named him Pony.) But Mickey had in mind a horse that might be good for something more than sticking his head in the feed bucket. He bought a $5,000 filly, who never made it to the races.

But also during this time he told a local vet, Dr. Bob Penney, that he would like to spend up to $75,000 on a thoroughbred. Penney said the way to do this would be to contact Jim Hill, who knew the good horses in New York and who could therefore make reasoned recommendations. Soon, thanks to Hill, Taylor did own some good ones, including Triangular, which had not been racing well. But once in Mickey's stable, he reeled off four straight wins. There was also Lexington Laugh, purchased for $16,000, for whom the Taylors subsequently were offered $175,000. They held out for $185,000. The next day the horse was hurt and had to be put down. Says Mickey, "That was our first real oops."

Not many oops have marred the Taylors' ventures in racing since, largely because Mickey doesn't let his heart overrule his head. "The first time something bad happens, it's experience," he says. "The second time, it's stupidity." Friends and acquaintances look at Mickey with awe, and Taylor says, "If I have a strong point, it's that I can put the right crew together to get something done." Chet Stingley, another employee back at the logging shop, says, "Mickey has guts. If you say he can't do it, he'll do it." On the day the Taylors and Hills bought Slew (one of 13 horses Mickey deemed worthy of purchase in 1975), it was so rainy that the portable toilets at Lexington's Fasig-Tipton sale were floating away. Predictably, the rain was lucky for Mickey and some others, for potential bidders stayed away in droves. So ecstatic was Hill over Slew that the group was ready to bid much higher than $17,500. Why was the colt such a bargain? Hill says it was partly because Slew's pedigree "doesn't knock your eyes out," and there is the matter of—whisper, please—the slew foot. Naturally, with breeding uppermost in all minds, Hill blanches at any discussion of what he calls a "slight outward deviation" of the right fore. And they insist that the Slew in the name has nothing to do with the slew in the foot. Mickey says they toyed with Seattle Swamp, which didn't seem too majestic, then Seattle Slough before settling on Seattle Slew. Hill also admits the horse was clumsy as a yearling (this prompted Trainer Billy Turner to observe that at least Slew could pull a milk truck), his feet were too big and he ran like a kangaroo, putting extraordinary strain on his fragile front legs. So there were plenty of reasons for others to keep their money in their pockets.

Despite only three outings, Slew was named the top 2-year-old last year. To get ready for his frantic 3-year-old season, the Hills and Taylors went sailing among the Virgin Islands in January, dreaming and planning, in a chartered 42-foot boat powered by the Caribbean winds, their hopes fueled by Bombay gin. Actually, Karen's hopes were fueled more by Dramamine, since she was terribly seasick. Washington apples, which the Taylors believe can head off seasickness, were aboard but didn't seem to work.

But Karen is used to adversity. She spent seven years chasing Mickey, after she discovered him as a basketball star at Ellensburg (Wash.) High School. He was known as "Baby Legs" because of a heavily taped right thigh, which a friend, Tim Weaver, says was "really painful when he shot 60 times and only got 15 points." Twice she was in car wrecks with Mickey, including one that damaged his left leg so badly that all of the 32 basketball scholarships offered him were withdrawn. The accidents also put dents in Karen. And she had to suffer riding in his 1961 blue Ford Starliner, which often had the garter of one of Mick's former girl friends hanging on the rearview mirror.

Married to him since 1970, Karen says, "Let's face it. I have spent 14 years of my life trying to please Mickey." He's not always easily pleased. Not too much should be read into the fact that he arranged to be married on April Fool's Day. Or that the ceremony was performed by Judge Love. A romantic, Mickey is not. (He sent his sister-in-law, Diana Taylor, to purchase Karen's wedding ring. Karen didn't like it and picked another.)

Once in a blizzard in the Cascades, Mickey and Karen were snowbound in separate vehicles. Mickey got out but Karen didn't. No matter. Mickey drove off down the road, called back on the CB and said, "Well, Karen, every man for himself. I'm going home." He did. When Mickey would deem it appropriate for

continued

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Karen to visit him at a logging camp during their courtship, she would go out by the road, green suitcase in hand, and hitch a ride in a logging truck. She returned home the same way. Says Karen, whose father is a Yakima accountant and whose mother runs a 60-acre apple and pear orchard, "I was impressed with his cowboy boots and his rough way of life."

She followed him from college to college. While he was at Western Washington State, he lived with friends in a shack on Lake Samish with floors that sloped so much the beer cans would roll out the front door. Conveniently, that fit their life-style. Karen showed up on weekends to clean, and a former next-door neighbor, Nancy Ringler, now of Costa Mesa, Calif., says, "They were just super neighbors, if you didn't mind noise and parties 24 hours a day, which we certainly didn't."

In her scheming to trap Mickey, Karen became a stewardess after she decided he might like her more if she would fly away to fun places, then come home. It didn't work that way. She now says Mickey liked it "only because he thought it would be wonderful for me to learn to treat him like a first-class passenger."

She would also drive a Jeep so Mickey and a friend could sit on the fenders and shoot chipmunks, not because she wanted to but because Mickey wouldn't let her come along if she didn't do something useful. Later, he gave her the job of driving a water truck to keep the dust down on the logging roads, an assignment whose hours were 2 a.m. to 11 a.m. Karen admits that Mickey is still schooling her. "Once or twice a year he gives me a lecture on how I can be a better wife."

Undeniably, Mickey Taylor is a free spirit who does things his way and plays by his rules. He can be wonderfully charming and horribly distant. "I can love him and hate him inside five minutes," says his mother-in-law, Ellen Pearson. Twice he brought her Christmas trees, the second even uglier than the first and thoroughly burned by truck exhaust. Says Mrs. Pearson, "I knew there were beautiful things in the woods but Mickey Taylor certainly couldn't find them."

As a youth, Mickey was something of a hell raiser. There was a night at The Tav in Ellensburg when he was flipping matches and the grass skirt of a go-go girl caught on fire. "It was no big deal," says Mickey, "until the police came." Once he was stopped for speeding, and having no license solved the problem by giving the arresting officer the name of his brother, Quirt, who subsequently paid the fine.

A few years ago Mickey was driving a huge piece of equipment that was spreading rocks on a logging road. The machinery went over the side and Taylor leaped off—right into a tree. That knocked him back onto the machinery. When the dust cleared, there was a pile of iron at the bottom of a canyon, but Mickey didn't make the full trip and suffered only a broken leg. "I was lucky," says Mickey. While on the mend, he went through seven casts, including one damaged while snowmobiling. Says a friend and employee, Harold Hunter, "Mickey just isn't satisfied with doing things the ordinary way."

Life is now changing for Taylor. "For being a loner all of my life," he says, "I've sure got a lot of friends all of a sudden." Karen says, "He's a logger. He's really just used to talking to the trees." At the Derby, the Hills and Taylors were host to 110 friends and relatives from 34 states; for the Belmont, the number will top 200.

Yet for all the excitement, the centerpiece of the saga, Seattle Slew, strangely lacks charisma. It's as if all he can do is run. And, some critics have suggested, maybe not even that. Here are several theories as to why his popularity is no match for Secretariat's:

Jim Hill says that while Secretariat was a son of Bold Ruler, Slew is only a grandson. Others contend that while Secretariat was big and red and gorgeous, Slew is just an average-looking brown. Perhaps it's because Slew's owners come from outside the racing fraternity and there is resentment that they have a big winner in just a few years. Also, Slew has raced only eight times and the company he has beaten has appeared unimpressive. Jockey Jean Cruguet's ability has been questioned, and there are people who think that had Steve Cauthen or Willie Shoemaker been the rider, interest would have burgeoned. Slew doesn't always set records and, indeed, doesn't always perform in eye-catching time. Perhaps it's too soon after Secretariat for another horse to capture the

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public's fancy. Maybe Slew's name just doesn't smack of greatness. And maybe all this is fast being taken care of and a Belmont victory will do the trick. Certainly, if he continues to race, the mystique will grow as long as he remains undefeated.

The possibility of defeat remains always a bump or a bad step away, which is why the Taylors and Hills remind each other before each race, "Keep smiling and no excuses." Says Hill, "That's what we'll do until we can get to the nearest building and jump off." For good reason. The money involved is enormous. Not the $608,000 Slew has won racing, that's really only expense and bar money. It's what's beyond. And while the owners say they plan to race Slew as a 4-year-old, that seems chancy. For if something should happen to the horse—as it did to Ruffian—the loss would be incalculable.

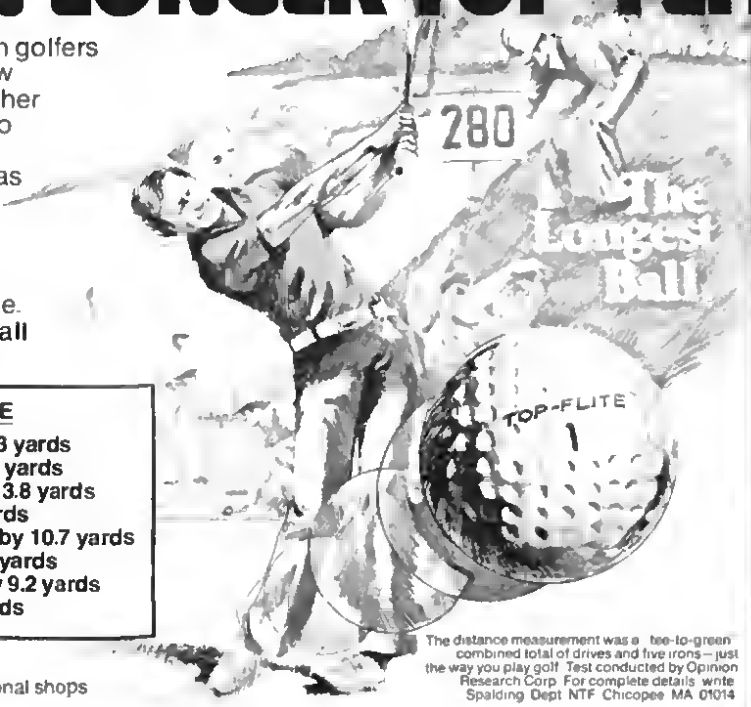
If the Hills and Taylors keep Slew rather than syndicate him, they can count on breeding him to at least 40 mares a year for about $100,000 each. If he produces 30 live foals, that would bring in $3 million a year. The money would be assured for five years, until it can be proved at the races how good Slew's offspring are. If they are excellent, the stud fee would increase; if poor, the fee would decrease. Meanwhile there is intense pressure. One racing expert says that if Slew loses the Belmont, his worth at stud could drop to about $30,000 per service. "Whatever happens," says Mickey, "Slew has guaranteed our lives."

Thus far, the Taylors seem largely unimpressed with the boxcar numbers. "I like money," says Mickey, "because that's the way you keep score. But all I want is my cowboy boots, a shirt, jeans and a coat for winter." Karen had been driving a pickup truck, but her grandmother felt it wasn't right for the owner of Seattle Slew to have such shabby transportation. So she gave Karen a new car. Rather, a new car for Karen. It's a 1967 white Mercury with 84,663 miles on it. Despite his country-boy oratory, Mickey is driving a leased Cadillac around the East. He got thoroughly lost in it in Baltimore after the Preakness. He finally drove into a fire station, hopped out and extended his hand to a bewildered fireman. "Hi, I'm the owner of Seattle Slew," he said. "I'll give you 50 Slew bumper stickers if you'll tell me how to get out of here."

So the laughter goes on. Somebody recalls the time the phone rang at the Hill house and a caller, not knowing that Jim is strictly a racehorse vet, told Sally tearfully that "my turtle's eyes are swollen shut." Sally asked Jim what to do and he said, "Flush him down the toilet and buy another turtle." Which really underlines what the Hills and Taylors know well. They very likely will never be able to find and buy another Seattle Slew, and so it's important to live these days to the hilt. Nobody can accuse Mickey Lucky & Co. of doing any less. **END**

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To the cry of 'Let's go, An-ge-lo!' minor league ball is back in Jersey City

Baseball has returned to its roots, to hallowed ground, to a sacred shrine, to Jersey City.

No joke. Jersey City, not Brooklyn, is the birthplace of integrated Organized Baseball, and Jersey City, not Cincinnati, had the first big-time night game. There is history aplenty in Jersey City, and now after a 16-year hiatus, baseball is back in town. Transplanted this season from Williamsport, Pa., the team is the Jersey Indians, a Double A club in the Cleveland system.

Operating right across the Hudson from Yankee-Met territory may seem like a tall order, but minor league baseball has been cropping up in some major places of late, like the 71,330-seat Superdome, where the New Orleans Pelicans, a Cardinal farm, opened several weeks ago before 18,197 fans, and in San Jose, Calif. (pop. 446,000), where Oakland's Triple A farm team moved this season from Tucson. "The stadium, not the city, is the major consideration," says Bobby Bragan, president of the minor leagues. "More than anything, major league clubs want good parks for their farm teams."

Jersey City's Roosevelt Stadium, which seats 24,170, is being refurbished by the city at a cost of $75,800. Unfortunately, work was just getting under way in April when the Indians opened their Eastern League season. Playing in a depressing setting that featured poor lighting, patchy grass and a Ferris wheel from a nearby carnival turning just behind the center-field fence, they lost six of nine games during their first home stand. The temporary scoreboard in right field failed to indicate balls and strikes. What information it did supply was indecipherable, because someone forgot to put headings, such as hits, runs and innings, over the number slots.

The Indians, a collection of young players from places like Pearland, Texas, Effingham, Ill. and Temperance, Mich., at first seemed awed to be playing in sight of Manhattan's colossal World Trade Center and the Empire State Building. They also cursed the condition of the field and wondered where they would find inexpensive apartments without long leases, the only type of accommodations they could afford on their $800-$1,000 monthly salaries.

It remained for the team captain, Ben-

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18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
SAT	SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT	SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS

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ny Heise, to offer an encouraging word to his teammates. "This is an average minor league field," said Heise, 25, the well-traveled brother of Bob Heise, the well-traveled utility man now with the Kansas City Royals, "and we'll get used to playing in this area."

Sure enough, the players located a suitable apartment complex in nearby South Orange and, after losing their first five games, began making some good plays in the field. But the Indians were less adept with their bats, scoring only 28 runs in those first nine home games. "These kids are from small towns," says Manager John Orsino, a former big league catcher and the only Jersey resident on the team. "They're overanxious." Whatever the state of their anxiety, the Indians had an 11–33 record at the end of last week and were mired in last place, 18 games behind the division-leading Three Rivers Eagles.

Nevertheless, the Indians have inspired enthusiastic support from their home fans. The crowds have averaged 1,007 a game, a figure topped in the eight-team league only by the Waterbury, Conn. Giants, and the Indians attracted a league-record 8,886 to their first Sunday contest. The darling of the exuberant crowds is the youngest Indian, 19-year-old First Baseman Angelo Lo Grande. When Lo Grande, who is hitting barely .200, comes to bat the fans holler, "Let's go, An-ge-lo!"

"The fans are knowledgeable and fair," says Orsino. "They cheer when we play well and boo when we play bad." According to one loyal Jersey City booster, produce salesman Frank Petrocelli, "The fans will turn out in greater force when summer comes. This is more of a rural town than a cosmopolitan one. A lot of people go to New York only once a year, and they want something local to identify with."

Jersey City has had minor league baseball teams intermittently since 1878 and has fielded some noteworthy players, such as George Stovey, a black pitcher who won 35 games in 1886, and George (Twinkletoes) Selkirk, the Yankee who was nicknamed after a Jersey show girl. Once during the 1920s the Donnelly family, which operated the franchise, lured fans to now-razed West Side Park by staging a night game. "We rented klieg from the Majestic Light Company," Frank Donnelly, the team's general manager, told the *Jersey Journal*. "But the lighting was only so-so, and we couldn't stay with it. The score of that game was something like 11–0. It was burlesque." It was also far ahead of the times; the majors did not play a game under the lights until 1935.

The heyday of Jersey City baseball occurred in the 1930s and 1940s when the Triple A Jersey Giants played under the not-so-benevolent aegis of Mayor Frank (I am the law) Hague. Although his annual salary was only $6,250, Boss Hague owned a $125,000 estate and wintered at Biscayne Bay in Florida. "Good investments," he said when asked how he could afford such a luxurious life-style on his low salary.

Roosevelt Stadium, which Hague built, was put up in 1937 with some $3 million of WPA funds. It is a handsome art deco structure with a brick, glass and wrought-iron facade. During his 1941 reelection campaign Hague had his Hudson County heelers sell a minor league record 61,164 tickets for Opening Day. Some 40,000 fans crowded into the park, and as Hague triumphantly threw out the first ball a plane flew overhead trailing a banner that read BEAT HAGUE—VOTE AMERICAN.

On April 18, 1946 Jersey City was the scene of the pro debut of a 28-year-old Montreal Royals infielder named Jackie Robinson. "They threw a black cat on the field and booed him," recalls Stadium Superintendent Al Keenan. "Then he got three singles and a home run, scored four runs, drove in four and stole two bases. In the end they gave him a standing ovation." Robinson returned to Jersey City with the Brooklyn Dodgers to play seven regular-season games in 1956. In 1960 and 1961 the Havana Sugar Kings, refugees from Castro's Cuba, made their home in Jersey City, but then baseball quietly disappeared until the Indians arrived last April.

Mayor Hague never would have recognized Opening Day, 1977. For one thing, it was Opening Night. For another, only 1,643 fans were on hand. A reform mayor and gubernatorial candidate named Paul T. Jordan threw out the first ball. And Dominick Pugliese, the dapper little city council president who helped bring back baseball, beamed through it all. "We've had rock concerts on this field," he said. "They created a bad image, but we wanted to keep the place going. I still think it's a beautiful park. When the high school and college teams get off it in the summer, the grass will improve. Pretty soon we'll have 1,000 new seats, better lighting and a new scoreboard."

Few of the players on the field that night will be future stars like Bobby Thomson, Monte Irvin, Whitey Lockman and Sal Maglie—Jersey Giants who later became New York Giants. Indeed, the Indians lost to the Bristol Red Sox 3–2 in 10 innings in a game that featured 11 errors and nine double plays. No matter. The noisy crowd kept chanting, "Let's go, An-ge-lo!"

THE WEEK

(May 28-June 4)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL EAST "Every game, we play just good enough to get beat," said Met Manager Joe Frazier, who also lamented the inability of his team to "hit, field or run the bases like major-leaguers." Frazier said all that just after the Mets had lost a 5–1, 3–2 doubleheader to the Expos, extending their losing streak to six games and sinking deeper into the basement. The next day the Mets fired Frazier and replaced him with First Baseman Joe Torre, who received a contract through the 1979 season. Instantly, the bumbling Mets began to hit, field and run the bases like big-leaguers. They started the Torre regime by sweeping three games from Montreal. Craig Swan, who had not won in almost a month for Frazier, held off the Expos 6–2 with help from Bob Apodaca, who picked up his first save. Next came a 6–4 victory for Tom Seaver, who had not won a game for Frazier in more than four weeks and who had been asking the Mets to trade him. Other key contributors were Catcher John Stearns, who hit a grand-slam homer, and Relief Pitcher Skip Lockwood, who saved one game with 2⅓ innings of hitless pitching and preserved another when he came in with the bases loaded in the seventh inning, threw a pitch and got Ellis Valentine to hit into a double play. In that contest the Mets (4–5) stole four bases, making it six in seven tries during Torre's first three games; in 45 games under Frazier they had been successful in only 24 of 44 attempts. They also pulled off their first successful suicide squeeze of the season. "This is the way baseball is meant to be played," said Lenny Randle, whom Torre installed as the regular third baseman. "We're playing a moving game, a thinking game, and it's become a winning game." Following a 1–0 loss to Philadelphia in a game in which they reverted to form and messed up several bunt situations, the Mets, with Nino Espinosa and

continued

the hard-working Lockwood combining on a seven-hitter, knocked off the Phillies 2–0.

Jim Lonborg, pitching for the second time after missing seven weeks because of a sore arm, allowed just two hits in seven innings before Ron Reed came in to protect his 1–0 win over the Mets. Although Greg Luzinski and Mike Schmidt were nursing leg injuries, Philadelphia (5–2) took two of three from the Pirates. Steve Carlton (7–2) won the first 6–4 and Reed tossed three scoreless innings in relief to win the second 6–5. Dave Johnson, who passed up a $150,000 salary in Japan to sign with the Phillies for about half that amount, drove in the deciding run.

Chicago (4–3) won three of four from the Pirates and moved into first place. In a 3–2 defeat of the Pirates, the Cubs scored two runs in the eighth against Rich Gossage, who had not given up a run in his previous eight relief appearances. The win went to lefthander Willie Hernandez (2–1, who came in from the bullpen to retire five straight Pirates. Bruce Sutter, 24, notched his 14th save in that game and his 15th when the Cubs later beat the Bucs 4–3. Hernandez chalked up his second triumph when the Cubs overcame the Cardinals 4–3 on a 13th-inning single by Steve Ontiveros. In their three losses the Cubs were shut out by a total score of 25–0.

Back-to-back shutouts gave Pittsburgh its only wins in seven tries. John Candelaria (7–1 and a 1.71 ERA) stopped the Phillies 3–0 on two hits, then Jim Rooker blanked the Cubs 5–0. Despite the upsurge in offense this season (*page 22*), there were 10 shutouts in the league last week, including five on Friday.

Like the Pirates, the Cardinals (3–4) won with two consecutive shutouts, Pete Falcone and John Denny (7–0) muffling the Cubs 14–0 and 6–0. Ken Reitz, the league's Player of the Month for May when he batted .366 and had 23 RBIs, hit .414 and had ten more RBIs last week. His three homers gave him seven for the season, matching his career high. Reitz insists that he has been a better hitter in recent weeks because he was hit on the right forearm by a pitched ball early in May. Because of his sore arm, Reitz switched from a 35-ounce bat to a 32½-ounce model, which he explained "has a lot more whip" and enables him to "wait longer for the ball." His average has gone from .211 to .290.

Montreal's Larry Parrish, who hit 11 home runs last season, had no explanation for his surge of power, which included three homers in a 14–4 drubbing of St. Louis and another in a 2–0 win over the Cardinals. Steve Rogers hurled that shutout, allowing only one hit, a third-inning single by Mike Tyson. Rogers (7–4 and a 1.92 ERA) also trimmed the Mets 5–1 on four hits. In seven other games Montreal (5–4) starters lasted only 38 innings and gave up 47 hits and 31 earned runs.

CHI 30–17 PITT 28–18 ST.L 28–21
PHIL 26–21 MONT 20–28 NY 19–30

NL WEST

"We pray about everything and worry about nothing," said Alvin Dark, who replaced John McNamara as manager of the Padres. Exemplifying his wing-and-a-prayer approach, Dark left his job as a Cub coach and flew to San Francisco to take on his new assignment, arriving 90 minutes before the start of a doubleheader. He promptly shuffled the lineup slightly, transposing the Nos. 3 and 5 hitters, Mike Ivie moving up and George Hendrick dropping down. Dark tied a major league record by using 41 players that day, 21 in the second game. Most of his moves paid off. Six of nine pinch hitters came through with hits. Ivie tied a National League mark with five doubles and got seven hits in 10 at bats, and Hendrick homered in both games as the Padres won 12–8 and 9–8. Rollie Fingers, who pitched for Dark in Oakland, saved both decisions, as well as a 4–2 win over the Giants the next day. That gave Fingers saves in five straight games and a total of 13. He later notched his fourth victory as San Diego (6–2) won 1–0 in Los Angeles on an 11th-inning home run by Dave Winfield, his 11th.

That setback took place in the first losing week of the season for Los Angeles. The Dodgers, who started the week with the highest batting average in the majors (.294), hit only .216 as they dropped five of seven. Ron Cey slugged his 14th homer to retain the league lead, and Reggie Smith hit his 13th as Rick Rhoden held off the Padres 9–4 for his eighth win. In their first 22 home dates the Dodgers have averaged 37,950 customers, putting them ahead of 1962, when they set the all-time season attendance record by drawing 2,755,184 fans.

Cincinnati (6–2) gained 3½ games on L.A. and reclaimed second place. Fred Norman won twice, Johnny Bench slugging a grand-slam homer as Norman beat the Dodgers 8–1, and hitting a two-run shot as Norman blanked the Astros 4–0 on two hits. The former was the first complete game by a Red pitcher in 24 games.

The Reds might not be in such desperate need of pitching if President Bob Howsam had not made one of his rare bad trades a couple of years ago, sending Joaquin Andujar to Houston (4–4) for two pitchers who are no longer playing. Andujar (6–3) stifled the Dodgers 5–3 and the Reds 8–1 last week. He has a 4–0 record and a 2.25 ERA against the Reds since being traded. Second Baseman Art Howe slugged a two-run homer in that 8–1 game. And he had three doubles in a 6–4 victory over Cincinnati, with the last of his two-baggers driving in two runs in the 11th inning and putting Houston ahead for keeps. Bob Watson sent the game into extra innings with a three-run homer in the ninth.

San Francisco (2–7) was mighty on offense and feeble on defense. Willie McCovey and Gary Thomasson each hit three homers and Jack Clark and Darrell Evans two. In all, Clark batted .458 and drove in nine runs. But the Giants committed 15 errors, raising their total for the season to 62 in 51 games. The only complete game by a San Francisco pitcher was Ed Halicki's 2–0, 11-strikeout conquest of the San Diego Padres.

The Braves (4–4) won four from the Giants and pulled to within two games of fifth place. In the process, they walloped seven homers, including Jeff Burroughs' 13th, a grand slam, in a 7–1 victory. In a 2–1 win over San Francisco, Jamie Easterly and Rick Camp teamed up to toss a six-hitter, and Jerry Royster knocked in both runs with a single in the eighth inning.

LA 35–16 CIN 24–25 SD 25–30
HOUS 22–29 SF 21–30 ATL 20–33

AL EAST

A few weeks ago Cleveland President Ted Bonda said that "only a miracle" would enable Manager Frank Robinson to keep his job. Since then, the Indians have tried to produce the miracle. Last week they won five of eight games and have won 10 of 13 following Bonda's "miracle" message. Robinson's main source of on-field support was Dennis Eckersley. After pitching five innings against the Angels in Cleveland on Memorial Day, Eckersley was well aware that he had not allowed the Angels a hit. From then on, Eckersley said, "I made sure to do exactly the same thing every inning so as not to change my luck. I'd come in, sit down about the middle of the bench, put on my jacket, take off my cap, take a drink, spit out a mouthful of water, go back to the middle of the bench, sit down and put my cap back on. Along about the seventh, I started to get some chills. Maybe it was because of the way the fans were cheering." With one out to go to lock up his no-hitter, Eckersley felt that the Angel batter, Gil Flores, was stalling. So he yelled at Flores, "One more out, and you are it." Flores was it, Eckersley fanning him on four pitches. The Indians rewarded Eckersley with a $3,500 bonus and gave $1,500 to his catcher, Ray Fosse.

Eckersley's no-hitter extended his string of hitless innings to 16⅔. Four nights later, pitching against the Mariners in Seattle, he had a chance to break Cy Young's 73-year-old record of 23 consecutive hitless innings. Eckersley had begun his streak against the Mariners on May 25, silencing their bats for the final 7⅓ innings during a 2–1, 12-inning victory. This time he pitched 5⅓ hitless innings—putting him within two outs of Young's mark—before Ruppert Jones homered over the center-field fence. That was the only hit off Eckersley, who was replaced by Jim Kern in the seventh inning of Cleveland's 7–1 victory. The two wins for Eckersley, 2, boosted his record to 6–3 and lowered his ERA to 2.87.

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continued

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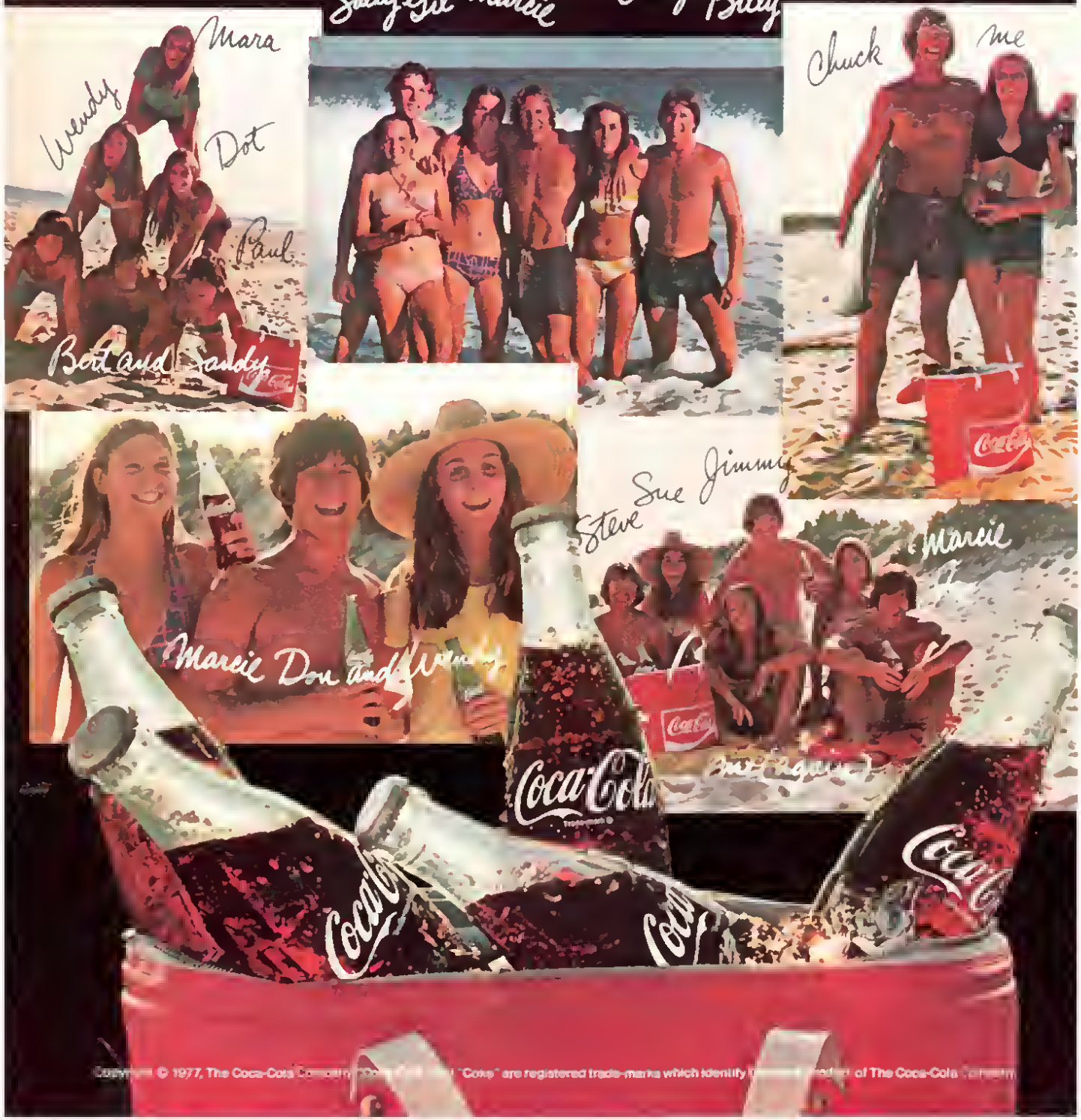


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employed were Second Baseman Duane Kuiper and Centerfielder Rick Manning. Kuiper beat Oakland 5–4 with a ninth-inning single, tripled and scored the only run, via a suicide squeeze, as Eckersley no-hitted California and Frank Tanana 1–0. He also drove home three runs in a 6–4 win over Detroit. Manning hit .353 and knocked in six runs, four in a 7–5 defeat of Seattle.

After being shelled for five runs and 10 hits in six innings by the Indians in his second start, Mark Fidrych of Detroit (3–4) said, "Some small thing I've got to find. I'm going to find it. My slider's not working. I'm getting behind hitters. When we win, everybody in here smiles. When we lose, it's dead. It stinks when it's dead." A day later the Tiger clubhouse was alive, thanks to 20-year-old rookie Dave Rozema, who, with relief help from Steve Foucault, cooled off the Indians 4–2 for his fifth win. "Rozema has the makings of a 30-game winner," Frank Robinson said. John Hiller pulled off a unique double by winning as both a starter and reliever. With Foucault's aid, Hiller beat Oakland 5–2, and then back in his usual fireman's role he tossed 3⅓ innings of one-hit relief as Detroit downed California 9–6. Rookie Outfielder Tim Corcoran's three-run homer off Nolan Ryan in the eighth inning settled that contest.

Baltimore has finished in first place five times in the last eight seasons, and the Orioles were in first place all last week—in spite of themselves. Mike Flanagan might well have beaten Minnesota, if it had not been for Leftfielder Pat Kelly and Manager Earl Weaver, both of whom felt they had done the right thing—only to discover they had not. Kelly thought he had caught a long drive by Roy Smalley, but when he looked in his glove the ball was not there. It was on the other side of the fence, where it landed after plopping out of Kelly's glove. Still, the Birds trailed only 2–0 in the eighth. But then Weaver did some deep thinking. With Twins on second and third and two out, Weaver ordered Flanagan, a left-handed pitcher, to walk Dan Ford. After Flanagan threw two wide pitches, Weaver realized his mistake: he thought Ford was Larry Hisle, the league's RBI leader and the next Twin up after Ford. Weaver told Flanagan not to finish the intentional pass to Ford, but the Oriole hurler walked him unintentionally. Hisle then singled home the eventual winning run, and the Orioles lost 3–2.

Weaver committed another gaffe in Chicago, bringing in left-handed Pitcher Scott McGregor to face Jim Essian, a righty hitter, with the bases jammed. "I thought first base was open," Weaver later explained. "I was going to have Scottie walk Essian and pitch to the lefty [Ralph Garr]." Essian, taking advantage of Weaver's boo-boo, hit a three-run double that gave the White Sox a 7–0 lead, and Chicago held on to win 7–4. Weaver later apologized to his players. The Orioles (4–5) did salvage four narrow victories, including Jim Palmer's seventh win, a 3–1 decision over Minnesota. Lee May, who had hit just two homers all season, socked two in a 9–7 defeat of the Twins. By week's end May had walloped four more and driven in 16 runs. May homered in a 7–6 squeaker over Kansas City, a game that ended with Baltimore executing an unusual triple play. With the bases loaded and none out in the ninth, John Wathan hit a sacrifice fly to Kelly. Dave Nelson advanced from second to third after the catch, but Fred Patek was caught trying to go from first to second. Shortstop Mark Belanger tagged Patek for the second out, spied Nelson streaking for home and chased him down for the third out. A three-run homer by Catcher Rick Dempsey, his first of the year, enabled the Orioles to beat the Royals 5–4 the next day.

Catfish Hunter of New York (4–4) lost again, but this time it was only a pregame cow-milking contest against Minnesota Second Baseman Bob Randall. Ed Figueroa (7–3) won twice, Sparky Lyle picked up his 10th save and Graig Nettles slugged three homers to raise his total to 12.

It took superb individual efforts to keep Boston (4–4) in third place. Reggie Cleveland came out of the bullpen to start against the Yankees and stopped them 5–1 on 97 pitches. Bill Lee needed only 78 pitches to beat Minnesota 5–2. Fred Lynn, limping on a bad ankle, drove home two runs in that game and deprived Dan Ford of a home run by leaping up and reaching over the centerfield wall to glove the ball.

Milwaukee (3–3) stopped Texas 3–2 in 10 innings on Sixto Lezcano's 10th homer. Toronto (2–4) lengthened its home run-less streak to 10 games, but managed to beat Oakland 4–2 on a bases-loaded single in the eighth inning by Otto Velez. Catcher Alan Ashby gunned down seven of nine would-be base stealers and now has thrown out 31 of 55.

BALT 28–21 NY 25–23 BOS 26–23
MIL 26–26 CLEV 22–24 DET 20–27 TOR 19–30

AL WEST

A 14–13 Royal win over the Orioles in Kansas City had all of the following: a wild pitch, a passed ball, a sacrifice, two errors, two triples, three sacrifice flies, four doubles, five homers, six stolen bases and 32 hits. Kansas City (4–3) led 10–4 after two innings, but Baltimore tied the score 11–11 in the seventh and 13–13 in the ninth. Al Cowens opened the 10th for the Royals with a single, went to third on a double by Hal McRae and scored the winning run on a sacrifice fly by Joe Zdeb (pronounced Zdeb). John Mayberry, who had been in a 21-month slump and had started the week batting only .218, belted five home runs and had seven hits in his last 20 at bats. He attributed his resurgence to a new stance, one that Manager Whitey Herzog suggested. "It's more open," Mayberry said. "I'm closer to the plate, and it allows me a more free-swinging style."

There was an abundance of free swinging throughout the division as teams scored six or more runs 33 times in 52 games. Chicago (5–3) did it five times, beating New York 9–4 and 9–5, Baltimore 7–4 and Milwaukee 8–3. Oddly, half of the White Sox' eight homers came in an 8–6 loss to the Yankees. In that defeat, Richie Zisk became the 18th player to hit a ball out of Comiskey Park, blasting his 15th home run, tops in the majors.

Minnesota's Rod Carew was mired in one of his infrequent slumps—1 for 17—when he came up with two out and the bases loaded in the bottom of the *ninth* against New York. One swing later Carew ended the game and his decline, singling across two runs for a 4–3 win. He had seven more hits in the next two contests. Even more encouraging to the Twins (4–4) were a pair of victories by Dave Goltz and another by Pete Redfern, neither of whom had been pitching well. Goltz beat Baltimore 3–2 and Boston 6–2, while Redfern downed the Orioles 8–3.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DENNIS ECKERSLEY: The Cleveland right-hander pitched a no-hitter against California, winning 1–0 as he struck out 12 and walked one. Four days later he went 5⅔ innings before allowing a hit as he beat Seattle 7–1.

Oakland, California and Texas were all at .500 and tied for third place. Dock Ellis, who had a 22.50 ERA after his first four starts for the A's (5–3), felt he had to change something. So he shaved his head. Then he went out and trimmed the Tigers 6–3. Mike Norris, recently recalled from San Jose, tossed a four-hitter to beat Seattle 1–0. Marty Perez, a .202 hitter before the game, tripled, doubled and singled twice in a 6–3 win over the Mariners. Jerry Remy of the Angels (2–3) had five hits in a game against the Indians, his last driving home a run in the 10th for a 7–6 triumph. Two of Bobby Bonds' three homers helped the Angels to victories, one coming as Nolan Ryan stopped Toronto 3–2 and the other in the 7–6 win over Cleveland. Toby Harrah hit the first Ranger home run in nine games in a 3–1 defeat of the Red Sox. He also doubled in the 11th inning to drive in the winning run as Texas (3–5) beat Milwaukee 5–4.

By defeating Detroit 3–1 and 6–4, Seattle (4–4) concluded its first-ever three-game sweep. The Mariners stretched their winning streak to five by shellacking Ranger aces Bert Blyleven and Gaylord Perry 7–4 and 9–3 in a doubleheader. Those wins concluded an 8–3 road trip for the Mariners, who returned home and lost four in a row.

MINN 31–19 CHI 28–20 TEX 23–23
CAL 24–24 OAK 25–25 KC 23–25 SEA 21–34

The Freight pulled in late

In the first serious confrontation for 3-year-old trotters, the favorite had alibis for his loss, and the winner's time established his credentials for the Hambletonian

Arthur J. Brown is founder and chairman of the board of the New York-based ABC Freight Forwarding Corp. He estimates he has owned between 800 and 1,000 harness horses. For hundreds of them, he has incorporated the word "Freight" into their names: Top Freight, Pay Freight, Night Freight, Trim Freight—almost everything except Damaged Freight, the very thought of which dismays him. Brown has been in racing since 1947, waiting and waiting for his superhorse, the one worthy of the ultimate corporate salute: ABC Freight.

Three years ago Brown bought a mare in foal named A C s Princess for $8,000, and her offspring turned out to be so gorgeous, so exquisite, so everything, that Brown bestowed upon him the coveted name

But early on, it was discovered that because of one of those inexplicable administrative goofs, nomination payments had not been made to keep ABC Freight eligible for most of the biggest and best races for 2- and 3-year-olds, including the Hambletonian. And nothing could be done to rectify the mistake. The woman who made the error, Jeanette Van Manen, felt certain she would lose her office job at ABC Freight. "If I were Mr. Brown, I would have fired me," she says. "He had cause." Says Brown, "It makes me a little sick. But I can take things in stride pretty good."

So can Freight, who simply went out last year and won the only two stakes races he was eligible for (during the season, he won 11 of 14 starts), then was shipped to California where he timetrialed in 1.57.1, more than a second faster than any 2-year-old trotter in history. Based on his 1976 efforts, the U.S. Trotting Association estimated in its experimental ratings that Freight could race a mile this year in 1:55, which would eclipse the world record of 1:55.3 set by his old man, Noble Victory, in 1966.

ABC Freight is so impressive that discussions this spring have been on two levels. Freight and The Others. Last Friday night at The Meadowlands in East Rutherford, N.J., Freight made his first start of the season. The bettors quickly made him the 6-to-5 favorite in the field of 16. Mostly, talk centered on whether Freight would go through the season undefeated; the consensus was that his chances were good. At the trackside restaurant, overlooking the sports complex that rose out of a swamp, Arthur J. Brown, family and friends had the victory champagne delivered before the race. "This horse is poetry in motion," rhapsodized Clint Galbraith, Freight's driver-trainer.

The starting gate went by and Freight trotted home 10th, beaten by a shade more than 23 lengths. The winner in 1.59⅕ was Green Speed, a horse registering his own Hambletonian credentials. Speed has a sometimes nasty disposition; his owner, Beverly Lloyds of New York, insists, "He bites everyone but me."

Yet, while Green Speed was getting the big bucks (his share of the purse was $50,000) and showing the big promise, horse people were talking once again about how terrific ABC Freight is—as if yellow jackets had invaded the picnic but everybody was determined not to notice. Driver Joe O'Brien, who finished ninth with Touchdown Hanover, and who drove Freight in the record-breaking California time trial, said, "ABC Freight is a wonderful colt. I like him a lot." Driver Buddy Gilmour said, "He's the best horse I ever sat behind." And Driver Jimmy Larente said, "He's a perfect colt." Apparently, with better than five months of big-time racing left this season, it is a trifle early to change the name to Lost Freight.

Besides, Freight had a whole clutch of excuses for his poor performance. First, he drew the No. 12 starting position, which meant that he had to leave in the second tier and figure a way to get through the traffic. Second, he hadn't had a "tightening" race before this one. The Beacon Course, which became most attractive to horsemen when the original

continued



Haughton, Speed, the Beacon trophy and owner Lloyds, whose colt, considerately, does not bite her



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$40,000 purse was jacked to $100,000. Third, and most crucial, Freight had a fever for three weeks, shaking it only 10 days before the race. As Galbraith confessed, "Fighting it off took a real toll on him." Consideration had been given to scratching him but Galbraith had said no. "You've got to head for the gate sometime," he said.

Galbraith was under heavy pressure, partly because Morton Finder, a friend and adviser of Brown's and the president of a New York breeding farm, was against Freight's risking an unbeaten season, given his condition. "If it were up to me, I wouldn't start him," Finder said. It is his belief that for stud purposes, a brief 3-year-old career is all that is necessary—"just enough to reassure people." Friday night did nothing to reassure anybody, except the opposition.

Suddenly, several of them sensed easier days ahead, especially after news came early the next morning that Freight had a fourth excuse—an inflamed throat that no doubt had contributed to his lethargic performance. A long rest could be in the offing.

Actually, it looked as if Freight had begun his rest while awaiting the race in the paddock. His eyes nearly went shut. "That's a good sign," swore groom Alan Peck, slapping him awake.

After two false starts, the cavalry charge got off and Freight was immediately troubled by Sugarbowl Hanover, who broke stride in front of him; later, Profit Sharing would do the same thing. And although Freight had wormed his way to third at the three-quarter pole, he was in poor racing position. "At the head of the stretch," said Galbraith, "I thought, 'Oh, well, at least we can be an easy fourth.'" At which time, horses started going past him like New York cabbies in the rain.

Freight was out of trot and Galbraith didn't force the issue because "there was no need to punish him." So when it seemed clear that the favorite needed to be in the lane for slow-moving traffic, attention turned to who was doing well. Once again, it was those Haughton fellows—father Billy driving Green Speed and son Peter behind Cold Comfort. Green Speed's winning time over quick-finishing Cold Comfort was a track record for 3-year-olds.

Both horses are trained by the Haughtons, but Green Speed is their main squeeze this year. As a 2-year-old, Speed had a full load of alarming troubles. He broke stride often (Peter estimates about 65% of the time) and put in erratic performances. His mouth is so tender that he would throw his head up on any whim, thus slowing the rest of him down. Still, he earned almost $100,000 last year, winning eight of 15 starts. Earlier this year, some new equipment was tried, but the colt did poorly with it. The old leather was put back on and he improved dramatically.

Billy Haughton, who has won more than $1 million a year for 11 of the last 12 years, said afterward that he "didn't expect too much trouble out there tonight." Very little surfaced. From a start in the ninth position, he moved quickly to the top by the quarter and took over for good before the three-quarter mark. Haughton touched Green Speed with the whip a couple of times "to keep him awake" and won by a length and a quarter.

Billy was as surprised as everyone else by the identity of his company at the finish. When he heard the commotion inspired by an oncoming colt, "I assumed it was ABC Freight." Then he saw it was Peter trying to get in the old man's wallet. Said Peter, "Cold Comfort is a safe, secure horse. He doesn't make mistakes like Green Speed. And if Green Speed fouls up, my colt will beat him. It was a good race for me, considering I was six-deep at the first turn."

So it could be another year of the Haughtons chasing one another. Last season, Billy drove Steve Lobell to wins in the Hambletonian and Yonkers Trot but Peter guided Quick Pay to a victory in the Kentucky Futurity, thus denying his father trotting's Triple Crown. Crowed Billy, "Green Speed and Comfort have fewer problems and can do more than Lobell and Quick Pay could."

The biggest surprise in the race (excluding Freight) was the excellent trip turned in by Bill Herman behind Texas, the longest shot at 65 to 1. He finished a relaxed third after floundering most of the night in 11th position. "Texas is good and easy on himself," said Herman. "He's not the kind of colt who messes around."

The race did establish that Green Speed and Cold Comfort are for the moment this year's 3-year-old trotters to beat, what with Freight's needing time for recovery and his eligibility for only two more important races—the Yonkers Trot and the Dexter Cup, both in New York. A good many of the other big hitters have not yet gotten to racing seriously and there are question marks about them. Stanley Dancer has two top horses, but one of them, Naturally Nevele, developed a low-grade fever while being shipped north from Florida in early May, and that has delayed his development. The other, Kawartha Mon Ami, is just now ready for top-level racing.

Jodevin, just behind Freight in the experimental ratings, is in trouble. He was lame earlier this year and was just making it back when he came down with a 106° fever—enough to kill horses with lesser heart. Joe O'Brien says that when he can finally get the colt to the track again (Jodevin won 19 of 20 starts last year, mostly at Iowa and Illinois fairs where competition is often less than keen), he'll have to begin all over.

Highly regarded Speed In Action, trained and driven by Delvin Miller, is just getting in shape to race after having bone chips removed from both knees. Miller also has Meadow Frank, who finished fifth in the Beacon, but who probably lacks the stuff to challenge the biggies. Profit Sharing gets good marks, although his Friday race was a disaster after he broke stride; he finished 14th.

Predictions are entertaining because they're so often wrong. Last year, for example, experts predicted that if Steve Lobell raced to his potential, he could be the 22nd fastest horse in 1976; he went in 1:56.2, quickest trot of the season.

So where does ABC Freight fit in? Still at the top, most likely. A period of breathing fresh air, eating the grass and lolling in the sun may be tonic enough. As Arthur Brown says, "I'm used to good reports and bad reports. I know what it's like for someone to come in and tell me I've just lost a half-million dollars. O.K., if things don't work out, you do the next best thing. You don't throw the sponge in." Brown says he was offered $1 million for ABC last year; a month ago the offer was $1.5 million. Does this mean he won't sell? "Why shouldn't I have the pleasure of owning him?" replies Brown.

While the look on his face the other evening didn't indicate much pleasure and the bubbly undoubtedly tasted a little flat, Brown thinks the fun will return when ABC Freight rises from the ashes. He could be right. For if you wait long enough for freight, it usually shows up. **END**



Jim Galloway, the Babe Ruth of slow pitch, has had more than 2,000 homers in his 20 seasons

Slow pitch, the game in which a player is as likely to swat as not, has gone pro. Ex-major-leaguers get most of the bucks, but unknowns get most of the belts

It's easy come, easy go

The former rightfielder for the New York Mets switched the telephone receiver to his other ear to make sure he had heard the money figures correctly. Obviously surprised when the same numbers were repeated to him, he said, "If you were Norm Cash or Jim Northrup, a talented major league baseball player in your day and somebody offered you—how much did you say they're making, $30,000 apiece?—that much money just to play a little softball on weekends this summer, wouldn't you do it?"

The stunned man on the phone was Ron Swoboda, who is best remembered for the nose-dive catch he made in the 1969 World Series. Swoboda was understandably shocked to learn that Cash and Northrup, a couple of ex-Tiger heroes, are being paid so much by Mike Ilitch, Motown's deep-dish pizza magnate, to come out of retirement and attract crowds for his Caesars, Detroit's entry in the new 12-city, first-of-its-kind, high-class, no-beer-in-the-dugout American Professional Slo-Pitch League. Swoboda, after all, has been offered a piddling $8,700 to play for the APSPL's New York Clippers—which is chicken feed for a man now employed as a sportscaster for CBS. The Clippers sweetened the package by throwing in a tiny percentage of the gate receipts, but because Swoboda assumes that those receipts will be small in the league's first season, he has not yet signed.

Sooner or later it had to come to this—a pro softball circuit, complete with fat contracts and holdouts just like the major leagues. Apparently it was only a matter of time until big spenders interested in owning sports franchises looked past the tombstones of the AFL and WFL, the ABL and ABA, the NLL and ITA and discovered slow-pitch softball, a game with untapped earning potential that is played by 35 million people in the U.S.

The APSPL's founding fathers were well aware of these figures when they decided to incorporate after nearly two years of market research. And they are not blind to the financial rigors ahead of them. President Bill Byrne, 40, is already a two-time loser, having served as director of player personnel for both the Chicago and Shreveport franchises in the now-defunct World Football League. Yet Byrne shelled out at least $27,000 of his own money to demonstrate to other investors his faith that America will like his latest endeavor.

Cash and Northrup do, for obvious reasons. Each makes a good living these days selling parts to the auto industry in Detroit. But neither could turn down $30,000 for playing a loose approximation of what made them famous in the first place. Besides, when people see their names in the paper again, it will certainly be good for business.

By signing with Ilitch, himself an unlucky owner of the ill-fated WFL Detroit Wheels, Cash and Northrup gave some credibility to the new league. Other former major-leaguers of varying reputations have also joined up. Zoilo Versalles, the American League's Most Valuable Player with the Minnesota Twins in 1965, now plays shortstop for the Minnesota Goofy's, a team named after a popular Minneapolis bar. Milt Pappas, who won 209 big league games and pitched a no-hitter for the Cubs in 1972, manages Chicago; Gene Hiser, a utility outfielder during his five seasons as a major-leaguer, plays for Chicago. Danny Napoleon, a teammate of Swoboda's on the Mets, is with the New Jersey Statesmen, who play in Trenton. Other cities in the league are Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Louisville, Milwaukee and Columbus, Ohio.

Slow pitch, it should be noted, is not the same game that America's most famous softballer, Eddie Feigner, plays. His game is fast pitch, in which the ball is only a blur between the mound and home plate. The result is usually a steady stream of strikeouts, little scoring and a minimum of excitement. By comparison, slow pitch is a home-run derby. The 12-inch ball may be delivered at only "moderate speed," and most of the former amateur players who have joined the APSPL

continued

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We're as close to the impossible as possible.

Our new speakers color sound Anybody's do.

Should they tell you otherwise, they speak with forked frequency response.

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That's because your ear is more sophisticated than our measurements.

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Now there are dozens and dozens of elements that interact this way.

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But we stuck it out. Applying the age-old technique of trial and error.

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Few companies watch what you hear so carefully.

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At which point, far from heckling our speakers, you'll be tempted to give them a *standing ovation*.



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can reach the league's 300-foot fences several times a game. In fact, sluggers Ronnie Ford and Bert Smith of the Caesars and Benny Holt of the Storm hit so many home runs during the first weekend of play that the league office became concerned that Chicago spectators might view the sport as some sort of freak show and never come back.

While most opening-weekend games in other cities had scores in the 10–8 range, Detroit won its inaugural over Chicago 28–21. The Storm then gained a split of the first-day doubleheader 27–25. Cash hit a home run the next day, but it was practically forgotten in the face of what his less famous teammates did to Chicago pitching. In the first game of another doubleheader Smith blasted four homers in four at bats to lead the Caesars to a 31–17 win. In the finale of the series Ford socked four and knocked in nine runs as Detroit won 46–24. Cash's blow was merely one of 16 Detroit home runs in that game, and during the weekend the two teams hit a total of 84.

By the end of the weekend Ford had league-high totals of 15 hits, nine homers and 20 RBIs, while Smith went 8 for 11 with six home runs and 12 RBIs. Chicago's Holt also had nine homers. The first-day attendance of 2,100 was encouraging—and right around the league average—but only 600 turned out to see the second-day slugfest.

Cash, now 42 and a good deal heavier than he was in 1961 when he led the American League with a .361 batting average, did not embarrass himself. He was 5 for 9 and timed a looping knuckler perfectly for his home run. "I knew it was gone the minute it left the bat," he deadpanned, after being fined $500—probably for publicity reasons—for missing the team's press day earlier in the week. Northrup had all his money, but was missing some of his pride. Had it not been for a bloop double, he would have ended up 0 for 11. Versalles and the rest of the major league contingent experienced similar difficulties.

"No problem," said Cash, assessing his debut. "I could become the Babe Ruth of Softball."

No doubt the ultra-efficient league office in Columbus quickly wired Stormin' Norman that such loose talk from a Johnny-come-lately like himself is not in the best interests of the American Professional Slo-Pitch League, seeing as how there already is a Babe Ruth of Softball.

Jim Galloway is his name. He stands 6' 4", weighs 230 pounds and was so prodigious a slugger during his prime that he is just now, at age 42, dropping back into other people's range. A native of West Virginia who moved to Brooklyn in 1957 after graduating from Bluefield State College, Galloway has made the All-America slow-pitch team a record eight times as an amateur—twice as often as his closest competitor, Smith. And two of Galloway's home runs, out of a career total of more than 2,000, are the closest thing to legend that slow pitch has to offer.

A decade ago, when his County Sports team from Levittown, N.Y. won the na-

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tional amateur championship. Galloway smashed a ball to dead center field that struck the top of a 40-foot flagpole 280 feet away. It was estimated that, had the ball not hit the pole, it would have carried 430 feet. Three years later Galloway poked another homer in the national tournament that was stepped off at 400 feet.

"That was a long time ago," says Galloway, who signed with the New York Clippers for $100 per game—or five times the average Clipper's salary. "I found out one thing in our first four games," he adds. "Three hundred feet is a very enticing target. But when you're hitting a slow-pitched softball and providing all the power yourself, there are going to be a lot of 290-foot outs in this league. I had three homers on our first weekend, but if the fences had been 10 feet closer, I would have had 10."

Despite his reputation in softball, Galloway is little known in the rest of the sports world. And this is Byrne's biggest problem: how to entice new audiences to take a look at established softball stars like Pittsburgh's 6′ 7″, 290-pound Tom (Big) Miller or Cleveland's Buddy Bell-look-alike, Rich Petrunyak.

Probably the most impressive things about the new league are the big league-style travel (the teams fly nearly everywhere) and the first-class accommodations (in Minneapolis, for example, teams stay at the Leamington Hotel, as most American League clubs have for years). More important, the $25,000 for each franchise was paid up front, and all funds for hotels and plane fares have been put safely in escrow. So has the $100,000 pot that will be divided among the four teams that make it to September's APSPL World Series.

And there are some nice touches for the fans. The Milwaukee Copper Hearths' road games are being televised back home, and most teams will operate for at least part of this summer with open rosters. That means anybody who thinks he (or, presumably, she) could be the next Jim Galloway can drop by after work and try out. Brian Hewitt dropped by while he was at work. A sportswriter for the *Chicago Daily News*, Hewitt went out to do a story on the Storm and ended up making the team as a pitcher. He threw six innings of relief against the Detroit Caesars, yielding 14 runs, but still got the win in the 27–25 game.

Swoboda heard most of this on the phone the other day but was still skeptical. "If there's enough money and prestige behind something, there is no such thing as a bad idea," he said. "But, let's face it, anybody that wants to see slow-pitch softball can walk out to Central Park or any other field in the country and watch it to their heart's content. When I think of softball, I see a six-pack waiting for me at first base and another when I get to second. It's the image of the sport that may turn this league into a sham. I'm not convinced people will pay to see the game."

Perhaps—but fewer homers by the Detroit Caesars and more by Jim Galloway would certainly help. **END**

RESULTS OF THE DURABILITY TEST.
An equal number of balls from each brand were hit 300 times, or to failure, whichever came first.

BALL NO.	DUNLOP BLUE MAX	GOLDEN RAM MK IV 90	HOGAN LEADER 90	RAWLINGS TONEY PENNA D.B.	SPALDING TOP FLITE	WILSON PRO STAFF
1	300	190	228	276	162	264
2	300	164	300	296	175	168
3	300	238	268	62	157	254
4	260	200	280	300	262	216
5	300	221	300	230	200	257
6	261	132	300	175	256	183
7	300	156	300	211	92	93

GOLDEN RAM HOGAN LEADER WILSON PRO STAFF



Photograph of balls is unretouched.

THE DURABILITY TEST. This durability test was supervised by an independent laboratory. It consisted of firing an equal number of randomly purchased golf balls of each brand against a flat steel block under air pressure that would yield an impact against the block comparable to that produced by a driver striking a ball on a tee swung by a professional golfer. Each ball was taken to 300 hits or failure, whichever came first. Failure was defined as the number of hits at which the windings or core could first be seen through a crack in the cover or at which the ball became distorted in shape. Full test results are available from: Blue Max Durability Test, P.O. Box 1286, Buffalo, N.Y. 14240.

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Clem Cakes: breakfast of champions

Fueled by 'Clem' Chapman's pancakes, Cornell beat Penn for the Varsity Cup

Onward like the swallow going,
roused is every nerve and sense,
Oh the wild delight of knowing,
'tis our pow'r that does the rowing. . .
—THE CORNELL CREW SONG

The 75th Intercollegiate Rowing Association Championship was ending last Saturday in Syracuse, and the voices of Cornell's varsity eight were lifted in song No one knew how old the song was—from the 1890s, said one amateur historian—or when it had last been heard at a race. But now the time seemed right because Cornell had just won the Varsity Challenge Cup for the 20th time, beating second-place Penn by 2.5 seconds on Lake Onondaga

It was the Big Red's second victory in two weeks over Penn, a crew that is coached—some prefer the word "terrorized"—by Ted Nash, a man of military dedication and demeanor. After losing to Cornell at Ithaca the previous weekend, Nash had his men out running the stairs of Schoellkopf Stadium the next morning

"My guys would never do that," said Findley Meislahn, 35, Cornell's first-year varsity coach.

"Well, just tell 'em to," he was urged.

"Know how to spell 'fat chance'?" he replied. "I'm not Ted Nash, and this isn't Penn. These guys are highly independent I don't think they need me for very much."

"Findley gives us our jelly beans," said Frank Garry, Cornell's senior seven oar, a 6′ 3″ farm boy who says "You betcha" about nine times a day and is headed for veterinary school

Findley Meislahn? What kind of name is that for a crew coach? Findley Meislahn belongs in a Thomas Hardy novel, striding across some stormy moor But now Meislahn stood on the victory dock. For 1,700 meters, as Cornell trailed Penn, he had paced the shoreline, wringing his hands and smacking his head Then Cornell took a power 10 and pulled ahead, and when the Big Red's victory was certain Meislahn began jumping up and down, waving his hat and shouting wordless cries. It was strictly a Cornell-Penn race, with California coming in seven seconds behind Penn, followed by Yale, Oregon State and Wisconsin

Cornell's strong finish captured the fancy of the sun-soaked, beer-drinking crowd. One raucous voice sang out, "Don't send my boy to Harvard, the dying mother said . . ." The song raced through the Ivy League, and finished, ". . . and as for Penn-syl-van-i-a I'd see him first in hell."

Some consider the IRA the national championship, and in one way it is No other sizable regatta is open to all the rowing schools in the country But among the missing crews were Harvard, considered by many the nation's best, and Washington, perhaps the best in the West "Is the winner here the national champion?" IRA officials were asked. "Well . . ." they replied

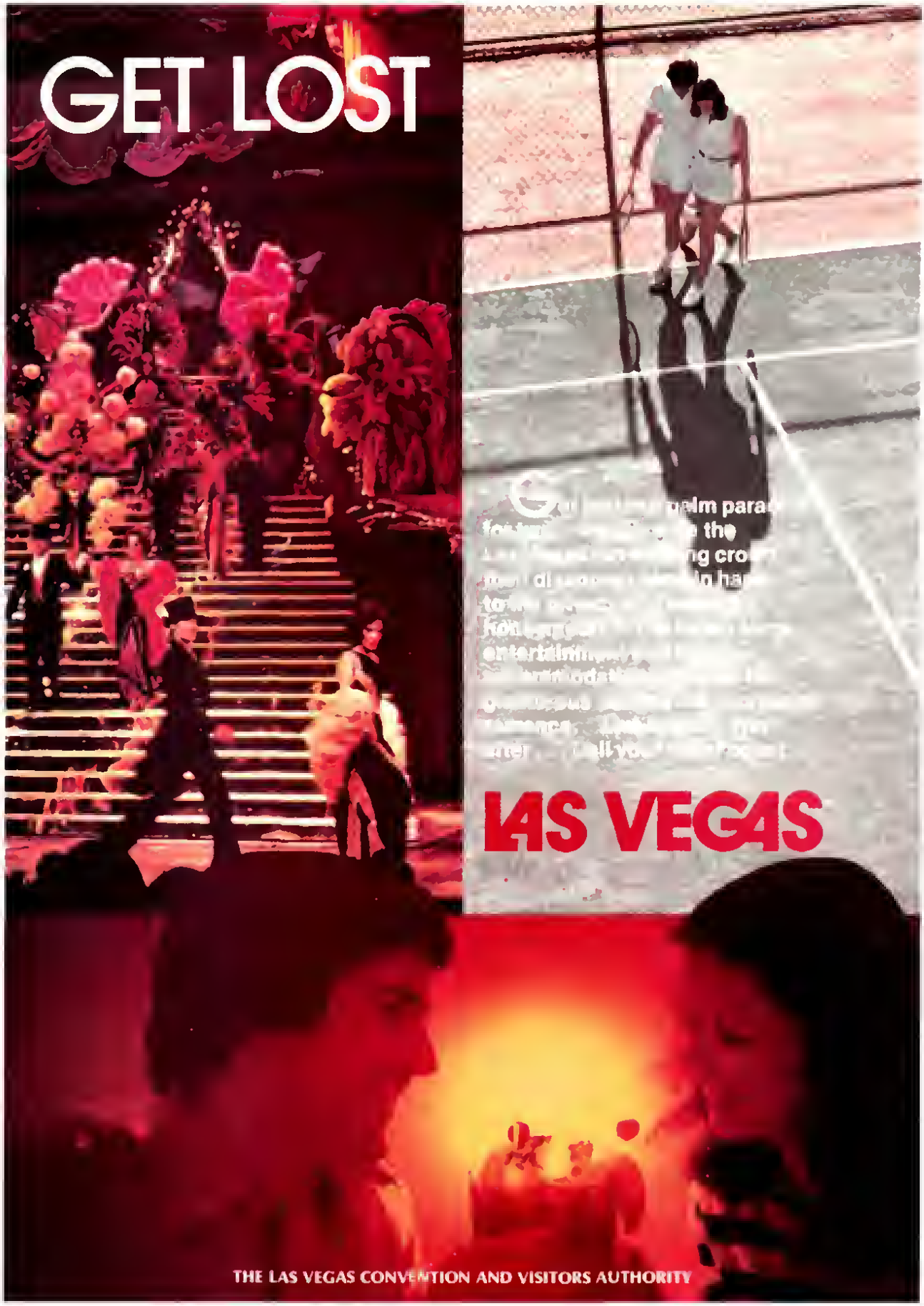
In any event, the 75th IRA was typical of most regattas, just another chapter in the age-old, futile search for perfect racing conditions. The accommodations at the Syracuse dorms were fine though the food was awful, but the winds were ruinous on two of the three days. Ernie Arlett, who is retiring this year as coach at Northeastern, said flatly, "They should hold the IRA someplace else "

To beat the wind, Thursday's opening heats were scheduled to begin at 6:15 a.m., and they did, all but one—the last of three for the varsity eights. Cornell won the first and Penn the second, but then the wind came up, quartering across the course from the west, and the shells were ankle deep in water. When Oregon State's shell collided with Cal's, the officials decided to wait. By 8:30 that night it was still no go, and the next target was 6:30 a m. Friday.

That meant five crews had to breakfast by 3:30 a m., and only Ted Nash does that. At 6:30 it was 44° on the lake, and a film of mist hung on the water. It looked like dry ice, and from a distance the heads of the oarsmen seemed to hang above it. Just the heads, no bodies. But the lake was calm enough, and the heads of Wisconsin crossed the finish line first. So Wisconsin, Cornell and Penn would row in the finals, against the winners of three repechages.



Big Red Coach Meislahn wore red to the dockside celebretion, then passed out the jelly beans


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Wisconsin Coach Randy Jablonic immediately went to work. "I saw something," he said, sounding like Max Schmeling before his first fight against Joe Louis. What Jablonic saw was his boat slipping back with each surge forward, *checking*. He had the buttons that hold the oars in the oarlocks adjusted for improved leverage, and now he was confident. Certainly no other crew could have been better prepared physically. Jablonic, accustomed to fickle wind back home at Madison, is famous for the rigors of his off-the-water training, particularly his "End of the World" runs in winter, when the wind-chill factor frequently reaches 50° below. Even in late May Jablonic's crew runs regularly, lifts weights and climbs stadium steps, and on the water he puts the Badgers through his infamous "Blue Vomit" workouts. As he says, "We ask them to pull until they feel they're going to vomit blue, with dry heaves and bile."

So that is how it stood before the repechages—Jablonic scurrying around, testing, watching, pulling, poking; Nash apparently preparing for World War III. Reporters who approached Nash's varsity eight at 3:30 p.m. Friday were turned back with "Sorry, buddy, but my men need their sleep." Meanwhile, Meislahn lounged with his oarsmen in the dorm, grinning as always and discussing Cornell's secret weapon—Clem Cakes.

At the San Diego Regatta in April a local paper referred to Cornell stroke oar Glen Chapman as Clem, and a famous Chapman pancake recipe got part of its name. The Big Red ate Clem Cakes before every race after San Diego, and beat Rutgers, Syracuse, Navy and Yale. A horrendous crab caused a third-place finish at the Eastern Sprints on Lake Carnegie four weeks ago, but the Cornellians ate their Clem Cakes the Saturday before the IRA and beat Penn by seven seconds. "What's in 'em?" Clem was asked. "Can't say," he replied, strumming on his guitar. And Meislahn was not about to give away the secret.

Perhaps more than any other coach at the IRA, Meislahn was a friend—not a wily mentor—to his athletes. His five seniors rowed on the Cornell freshman eight that won the Eastern Sprints and the IRA in 1974, and Meislahn was freshman coach at the time. He stayed in that job until this year, while his champions went on to row for Varsity Coach Doug Neil. "We rowed for Findley freshman

continued

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year, got to be good friends, and when he became varsity coach we held on to that," says bow oar Jim Farrell. "He's really sensitive to the psychology of the boat. Penn is coached twice as hard as we are. We haven't worked too hard these last few weeks, and we haven't even run since April."

Said Meislahn, "There is a point beyond which the expenditure of energy—lifting weights, running—no longer helps. Maybe it even hurts."

The three repechages had been set for 6 a.m. Friday, but the delayed early-morning heat botched that. The boats behind Wisconsin were given until 6 p.m. to recover, but by then the wind was blowing 10 to 25 knots. Finally, with daylight fading, the wind died and the reps went off. The winners—Yale, OSU, and defending champion Cal—would row in the finals with Cornell, Wisconsin and Penn. But they would have fewer than 24 hours to recover from the reps. On the other hand, Wisconsin had a day and a half to get ready, Cornell and Penn two and a half days. Perhaps the rest factor had some bearing on the outcome.

Cornell had a late-morning breakfast of Clem Cakes, five to seven per crew member, topped with butter and maple syrup. Clem Chapman even broke down and revealed the ingredients. Maypo and Maltex cereals, whole wheat and regular flours, milk and baking powder. Then, properly nourished, the Big Red won the race.

Before leaving Syracuse Saturday night, two oar Craig Drake, another of Meislahn's freshmen four years ago, sat back and analyzed the Big Red's tactical approach to the race. "Findley's very easygoing, the way he coaches," Drake said. "Look at how we rowed today. After driving the oar, we're trained—unlike Penn—to relax, to get our energy back, so that on the next stroke we can compose ourselves. Penn wasn't as efficient that way in their middle thousand, so they were more fatigued toward the end, when we passed them."

Meislahn then raised the question of going to England's Henley Regatta at the end of this month. The funds would be available, he said, and Washington would be there, and probably Harvard. No objections were raised. Someone observed that Henley would be a more authentic U.S. national championship than the IRA. But is England ready for Clem Cakes? **END**


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It was a hell of a win for the Devils

Arizona State's doughty band of U.S. kids withstood the hordes of veteran foreigners and scraped and scrambled to their first NCAA title

To hear some of the talk at the NCAA track and field championships in Champaign, Ill., it wasn't a matter of giving your all for the old alma mater, but rather of giving it for the old U.S. of A. The cursed enemy was "those foreign schools," a label given to U.S. colleges that have stacked their track rosters with proven overseas talent.

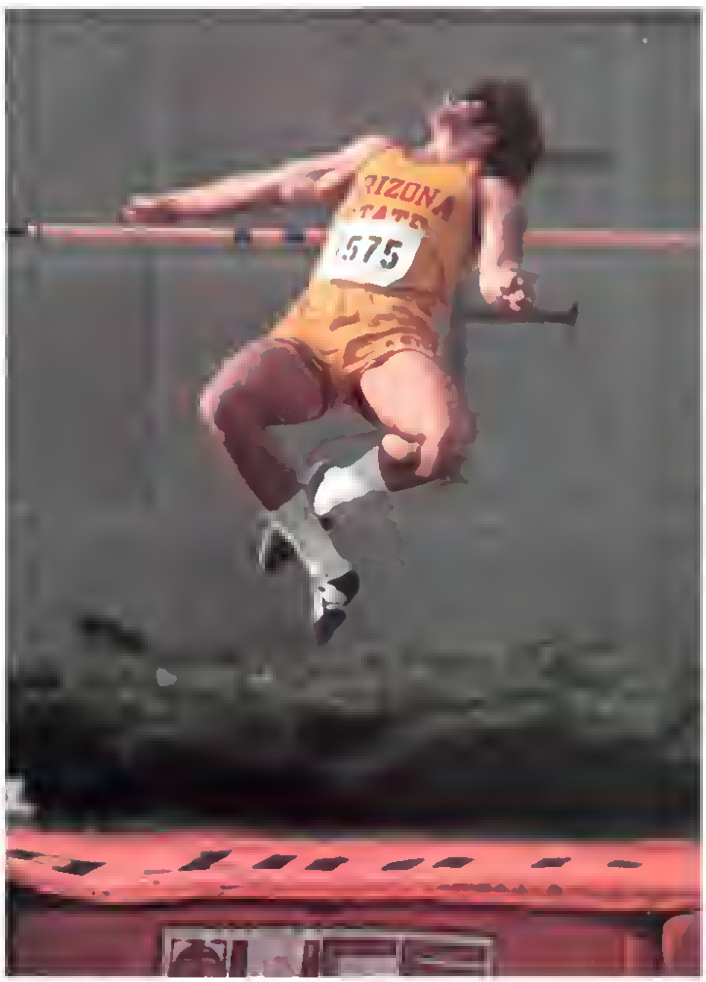
Indeed, American youth had suffered at the hands of foreigners this season. At the NCAA indoor championship at Detroit in March, Washington State had won the title by getting 24 of its 25½ points from foreign athletes. At last week's outdoor championship in Illinois' Memorial Stadium, foreign Olympians outnumbered U.S. Olympians two to one and collectively the contingent of seven Kenyans outscored the winning team. Yet it was a school chock full of good old American boys—Arizona State—that ran off with the title. Let's hear it for the red, white and blue!

And three cheers for that good old American tradition, the college try, because to win its first-ever championship Arizona State had to survive more than foreign hordes. Everything seemed to go wrong for the Sun Devils, who had finished third in the Western Athletic Conference championship meet and were picked to finish no better than fourth or fifth in most of the pre-NCAA polls. Even that seeding looked optimistic when the school's strong relay teams were upset by USC in both the 1,600 and the 400. Then the Sun Devils' best 110-meter hurdler false-started and was disqualified. ASU's pole vaulter was hampered by a hamstring pull and passed at the opening height of 16 feet for a do-or-die shot at a mark that might be worth some points. In the field events, there had been an outside hope for a point or two by the school's javelin or discus throwers but none materialized. Nonetheless, with a lot of good old-fashioned grit, Arizona State piled up 64 points, 14 more than its closest competitor, the University of Texas at El Paso.

"We came here as a team and performed like a team," said ASU high jumper Kyle Arney. "It was the underdogs on the team who did it." For openers, Rick Walker, a senior from Apple Valley, Calif., ran the 110-meter hurdles in 13.75, to finish second to UCLA's Jim Owens (13.49). Walker's performance, which gave ASU eight unexpected points, more than made up for Gary Burl's disqualification. Walker added two points more with a fifth place in the 400-meter hurdles. Injured pole vaulter Ralph Haynie cleared 16' 6" on his first try and never cleared the bar again, but that one jump got Arizona State six third-place points.

At the end of Thursday's long jump qualifying, when the field was narrowed to 12, freshman Dennie Jackson was told that he had finished 13th. He went off into the stands and sat down by himself. A double check showed he had finished 12th. Kyle Arney went to give his team-

continued



Kyle Arney's 7' 6" jump, the best in the world this year, put underdog ASU on top

mate the good news. "Don't think I'm pouting because I didn't get into the finals," Jackson snapped when he saw Arney approaching. Jackson's teammates hoped that with his reprieve he might just sneak up to sixth place for a single point. Instead, he jumped a personal best, 26′ ½″, good enough for four fourth-place points.

"That jump really got us rolling," said Arney. No one got rolling more than Arney himself. A junior from Glendale, Ariz., he was facing UTEP's Greg Joy, the silver medalist at Montreal, in the high jump, held on Saturday, the meet's final day. A big point swing for either school appeared to be the key to victory because earlier Saturday UTEP had grabbed the lead on the strength of Wilson Waigwa's 3:39.89 win in the 1,500 over Steve Scott of the University of California at Irvine. Arney cleared 7′ 4″ on his third and final attempt at that height to guarantee himself at least third place, and victory over Joy, who had missed.

Again on a third attempt Arney went on to make 7′ 5″, a height he had never before reached, and remained in the competition with Fairleigh Dickinson's Franklin Jacobs, who had cleared the bar on his first attempt. At 6′ 6½″ and 200 pounds, Arney is the biggest world-class high jumper. By contrast, Jacobs, a freshman from Paterson, N.J., who only started jumping 15 months ago and calls his style the "Jacobs Slop," is just 5′ 8″ and 146 pounds. (By jumping 21 inches over his head, Jacobs set a "world record" in this category.) On yet one more final attempt, Arney cleared 7′ 6″, the best high jump in the world this year, to win the event and give ASU 10 more points. Combine these performances with a 400-meter win in 45.51 for Herman Frazier, the Olympic bronze medalist, a second in the 200 meters for freshman Tony Darden, usually a quarter-miler, and the two second-place relay finishes—and Arizona State had upset UTEP.

The Miners were the perfect fall guys for all those coaches and fans whose xenophobia was showing. UTEP fields a team that includes six distance runners, a hurdler and two sprinters from Kenya, a hurdler from Nigeria, a long jumper from Ghana, a high jumper from Canada, a pole vaulter from France and a discus thrower from Norway. There are two often-voiced arguments against stocking teams the way UTEP has. First, the foreign athletes get scholarships that would otherwise go to Americans, and second, by training foreigners at our universities we are in effect supporting the Olympic development of other nations. "My administration and the people in my community aren't interested in developing Olympians," counters Miner Coach Ted Banks. "They're interested in winning." But increasingly, Banks finds himself on the defensive. It is perfectly acceptable—no, laudable—to train foreigners in medicine, the arts and even war. But help them to a gold medal?—perish the thought.

The most outspoken opponent of overseas recruiting is UCLA Coach Jim Bush, but he does not oppose foreigners,



per se. "What most of the coaches are griping about is the age of those athletes," he says. "The NCAA has a double standard. It's allowing foreigners to go to school in their home countries and then come over here and start as freshmen. Why don't they let our athletes go to junior college for two years and start as freshmen? American youngsters are getting cheated." Bush and most other coaches feel that the NCAA has exacerbated the situation by a decision two years ago to limit track and field scholarships to 14. "That's forcing coaches who want to win to go for the proved athlete," he says.

Bush directs much of his invective toward Washington State Coach John Chaplin, whose three Kenyan distance runners—Samson Kimombwa, Henry Rono and Joshua Kimeto—accounted for 36 of their school's 46 fourth-place points. Earlier this season it was suggested to Chaplin that a suitable place to hold the 1977 Pacific Eight Conference meet would be Nairobi. On the last day of that meet, when it was clear that Washington State was going to edge UCLA for second place behind USC (which finished third at the NCAA championships), Chaplin wore a safari outfit to the track. "I'm paid to compete in the NCAA, not the American championships of the AAU," Chaplin argues. "I follow all the rules and if the NCAA tells me to recruit guys 22 to 22½ with a striped head and a white spot on their rear, that's what I'll do. I'm not against any age restrictions and I'd vote for them if a rule was proposed. But we had an age-limit rule that applied only to foreigners and the courts threw it out because it was discriminatory."

At present the foreign-athlete controversy has produced little more than talk. Bush and USC Coach Vern Wolfe, among others, argue that one solution would be to get rid of the team title at the NCAA championship, making the meet simply a contest for individuals. Taking the pressure of winning off the coaches might remove the need to recruit foreigners who are established athletes. This may seem a singular bit of charity on Wolfe's part, because his Trojans have won 26 NCAA outdoor titles while their closest competitors, UCLA and Illinois, have just five apiece. But then it's easy for the rich to say that money isn't everything.

For Arizona State last week's team title seemed far too precious to consider doing away with it. Semon (Baldy) Castillo had coached ASU track teams for 28 years without finishing higher than third in the NCAA meet. A cheery man with a ready smile and thick, wavy black hair (the nickname has stuck with him since a friend in grammar school noticed a minute and long-since-gone bald spot), he termed winning the title "the greatest thrill of my life." His exuberant team members tried to cool his enthusiasm by dumping him in the steeplechase water jump pit, but to no avail. Castillo emerged dripping, with his smile still agleam. "Gentlemen," he said, "it's been a pleasure." END





So says Chenier Chapman, 76. The slingshot and pinking cicadas with a .22 are about it, sportswise, but turmoiiwise he upholds the honor of his family, an interesting feat

Step in and Enjoy the Turmoil

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

by Robert H. Boyle



It was a splendid day in Paris in the 1920s when William Astor Chanler, former African explorer, big-game hunter, Turkish cavalry colonel and patron of the turf, limped into Maxim's for lunch with a friend. The colonel had lost a leg, not on the field of battle but as the result, it was whispered, of a brawl in a bordello with Jack Johnson, the prizefighter. A familiar figure in Max-

John Jay Chapman, Chanler's father, burned off his own left hand as a penance, but it was the rest of these people, the maternal side of the family, who were regarded as eccentric.





Robert Winthrop Chanler, Uncle Bob, was sheriff of Dutchess County; later he painted bizarre animals and plants and also created something indescribable called the House of Fantasy.



Uncle Willie, William Astor Chanler, known as African Willie for explorations Stanley said he "would not have undertaken with 1,000 rifles," once winged a waiter with his wooden leg.

im's, Colonel Chanler informed the headwaiter that he wished to be served promptly because one of his horses was running at Longchamp that afternoon. The colonel and his friend sat down, and when, after taking their order, their waiter did not reappear swiftly, the colonel began tussling with something beneath the table. With both hands he yanked off his artificial leg, bearing sock, shoe and garter, and hurled it across the restaurant, striking the waiter in the back. Colonel Chanler shouted, in French, "Now, may I have your attention?"

Back home in the U.S., the colonel's oldest brother, John Armstrong Chanler, known as Uncle Archie to members of the family, had a simpler way of obtaining service: when dining out, Uncle Archie would carry a pair of binoculars

continued



John Armstrong Chanler, Uncle Archie, described by Chapman as "pure bedbug," was in fact declared legally insane. It was said he thought he was Napoleon: Archie claimed he was Pompey.



Chapman's mother, Elizabeth Chanler Chapman, shown here in a portrait by John Singer Sargent, was one of the "Astor orphans," each of whom inherited a reported $1 million.

around his neck to keep close watch on his waiter's comings and goings. With or without binoculars, Uncle Archie was likely to get attention wherever he went. He sported a silver-headed cane engraved with the words LEAVE ME ALONE. He had spent three and a half years involuntarily confined in the Bloomingdale lunatic asylum in White Plains, N.Y., because, among other peculiarities, he liked to dress as Napoleon and often went to bed wearing a saber. In a farewell note he left the night he escaped from Bloomingdale in 1900, Uncle Archie wrote to the medical superintendent, "You have always said that I believe I am the reincarnation of Napoleon Bonaparte. As a learned and sincere man, you therefore will not be surprised that I take French leave."

Given the drabness of the present age, it is heartening to note that the spirit of the eccentric sporting Chanlers lives on in Barrytown, N.Y., 100 miles up the Hudson River from New York City. Here, in the decaying but still gracious estate country of Edith Wharton novels, a handful of Chanler descendants carry on in their own fashion. There is Richard (Ricky) Aldrich, grandnephew of Uncle Archie and grandson of Margaret Livingston Chanler Aldrich, who fought for the establishment of the U.S. Army Nursing Corps. Ricky, 36, manages Rokeby, the family seat and farm, where he collects and rebuilds antique iceboats (such as the *Jack Frost*, a huge craft that won championships in the late 19th century) and ponders the intricacies of Serbian, Croatian and Polish grammar. Ricky studied in Poland for a spell, but left in 1966 after he was caught selling plastic Italian raincoats on the black market. The most obvious fact about Ricky is that he seldom bathes. As one boating friend says, "Ricky would give you the shirt off his back, but who'd want it?"

Then there is Chanler A. Chapman, regarded by his kin as the legitimate inheritor of the family title of "most eccentric man in America." As Ricky's brother, J. Winthrop (Winty) Aldrich, says, "Only members of the Chanler family are fit to sit in judgment on that title." Winty, who is Chanler Chapman's first cousin once removed, says, "Television has done *Upstairs, Downstairs*, *The Forsyte Saga* and *The Adams Chronicles*, but they should do the Chanlers. The whole story is so improbable. And true."

Everyone who has met Chanler Chapman regards him as brilliantly daft. While teaching at Bard College, Saul Bellow, the Nobel laureate, rented a house on Chapman's estate, Sylvania ("the home of happy pigs"), and found in him the inspiration for his novel *Henderson the Rain King*. In the novel, written as an autobiography, Henderson shoots bottles with a slingshot, raises pigs and carries on extravagantly in general. "It's Bellow's best book," Chapman says, "but he is the dullest writer I have ever read."

Now 76 and possessed of piercing brown eyes, a bristling mustache and wiry hair, Chapman nearly always wears blue bib overalls and carries a slingshot. He is fond of slingshots, because "they don't make any noise," and he shoots at what tickles his fancy. Not long ago he fired a ball bearing at a Jeep owned by his cousin, Bronson W. (Bim) Chanler, former captain of the Harvard crew, inflicting what Chapman calls "a nice dimple" in the left front fender. Ball bearings are expensive ammunition, however, so, for $4, Chapman recently bought 600 pounds of gravel. He calculates this supply of ammo should last at least five years.

Before his infatuation with slingshots, Chapman was big on guns. He hunted deer, small game and upland birds and ducks, mostly on his estate. Indeed, at one time he had 115 guns, and his shooting habits were such that friends who came to hunt once never cared, or dared, to return again. Chapman had only to hear the quack of a duck and he would let loose with a blast in the general direction of the sound. On a couple of occasions it turned out that he had fired toward hunters crouched in reeds, using a duck call. "Almost got a few people," he would say matter-of-factly.

Chapman is the publisher of the *Barrytown Explorer*, a monthly newspaper that sells at the uncustomary rate of 25¢ a copy on the newsstand and $4 a year by subscription. The paper's slogan, emblazoned above the logo, is WHEN YOU CAN'T SMILE, QUIT. "You can abolish rectitude," as Chapman once expatiated opaquely, "you can abolish the laws of gravity, but don't do away with good old American hogwash."

The *Explorer* prints whatever happens to cross Chapman's lively mind. "Opinions come out of me like Brussels sprouts," he says. There are poems by Chapman (who always gives the date and place of writing, *e.g.*, Kitchen, Sept. 13, 7:15 a.m.), and a regular Spiel column, also by Chapman, in which he offers his unique observations on the world ("A sunset may be seen at any time if you drink two quarts of ale slowly on an empty stomach" or "What's good for the goose is a lively gander" or "Helen Hokinson has turned atomic" or "Close the blinds at night and lower the chances of being shot to death in bed. That goes for the district attorney who wants to be a judge"). Chapman always signs the Spiel column, "Yrs. to serve. C.A.C., pub."

The Explorer publishes pieces about nature, written by Mrs. Stuyvesant Chanler under the nom de plume of "Country Cousin," and about horse racing. "Racing entertains me," says Chapman. "It is an absolute fool's game. It is the incense of the ethos. It's glorious!" For years, Chapman has been a close friend of Abram S. Hewitt, who recently completed an 87-part series on sire lines in *The Blood-Horse*. Any contributions by Hewitt, even personal letters, are welcomed by Chapman. Last year Hewitt sent a letter from Lexington, Ky., and Chapman printed it in part in his paper. "Your kind note finally caught up with me here, where I am enthroned for the moment, having taken charge of N. Bunker Hunt's matings (not personal!) for 1976. He is a Texan who does things in true Texas style—the sky's the limit. His training bills in France alone amount to about $3,500 a day!

"The horse copers in this area have kept the W. C. Fields tradition alive, of swindling one and all—especially 'outsiders'—with an air of fraudulent dignity. Once you know what is going on, the spectacle has its entertaining aspects—like sending a crew of men out in the night to move the three-eighths pole 150 feet, so that the New York millionaire . . . would be sure to see a high-priced 2-year-old work three-eighths of a mile in world record time! . . ."

Chapman likes the W. C. Fields touch, and on occasion he will print Fields' picture in *The Explorer* for no reason other than this fondness. People in the news sometimes get worked over by Chapman in Fieldsian fashion. Of Leon Botstein, the new president of Bard College, Chapman wrote, "His diction seems to be improving. Obviously he has never been trained to speak, so that every word can be understood when it is uttered. There is no elocution." The Reverend Sun Myung Moon, the Korean messiah who bought the old Kip estate across the road

continued

Michael Landon, writer, director, star.

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from Chapman, gets evenhanded headlines: DARK SIDE OF THE MOON and MOON RISE OBSERVED. Chapman is not prejudiced against any race, creed or color, but he does harbor a grudge against the state of Ohio. "It is occupied by blind moneyed baboons," he says.

Chapman has been married three times. His first wife, from whom he was divorced, was Olivia James, a grandniece of Henry and William James. Robert, a son by that marriage, lives in a house in Florence, Italy, which his father thinks is called "the place of the devil." (Robert reportedly used to live in a cave, where he made kites.) Another son by this marriage, John Jay Chapman II, lives in Barrytown. After attending Harvard, he went to Puerto Rico, where he became a mailman. He married a black woman, and they have several children. When Chanler Chapman's old school, St. Paul's, went coed, he was enthusiastic about his granddaughter's chances of getting a scholarship. "She's a she," he said, ticking off reasons. "She's a Chapman. She's a Chanler. And she's black."

Five years ago, John Jay Chapman II persuaded post office authorities to transfer him from Puerto Rico back to Barrytown, where he now delivers the mail. Asked if his son truly likes delivering mail, Chapman exclaimed, "He can hardly wait for Christmas!" Not long ago, Chapman and Winty Aldrich, who lives with Ricky at Rokeby, the ancient family seat next door to Sylvania, were musing about the twists and turns in the family fortunes. Winty observed, "Isn't it remarkable, Chanler, that Edmund Wilson called your father the greatest letter writer in America, and now your son may be the greatest letter carrier!" Chapman, who is, upon occasion, put off by his cousin, let the remark pass without comment. ("Winty is the essence of nothing," Chapman says. "He has the personality of an unsuccessful undertaker and he uses semicolons when he writes. He knits with his toes.")

Chapman's father was John Jay Chapman, essayist, literary critic and translator. A man of strong convictions, John Jay Chapman atoned for having wrongly thrashed a fellow student at Harvard by burning off his left hand. At the same time, he used to go to bed at night wondering, according to Van Wyck Brooks, "What was wrong with Boston?"

Chanler Chapman's mother, Elizabeth Chanler, was one of the orphaned great-great-grandchildren of John Jacob Astor, each of whom came into an inheritance of some $1 million. They were called the "Astor Orphans" by Lately Thomas in *A Pride of Lions*, a biography of the 19th-century Chanlers. "There was never anything wrong with the Chanler blood until crossed with the yellow of the Astor gold," says Winty Aldrich.

By blood, the Chanler descendants are mostly Astor, with an admixture of Livingston and Stuyvesant Knickerbocker patricians; they are related, by blood or marriage, to Hamilton Fish Sr., Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jimmy Van Alen, Marion the Swamp Fox, Julia Ward Howe and General John Armstrong. It was the last who built Rokeby in 1815 after he blotted his copybook as Secretary of War by letting the British burn the Capitol and White House.

It has been said of Chanler Chapman that the genes on the Chapman side of the family provided the polish, while the Chanler genes imparted raw psychic energy. Chapman's middle name is Armstrong; he was named in honor of Uncle Archie, his mother's oldest brother. "Archie was a pure bedbug," Chapman says. That may be understating the case. After escaping from the Bloomingdale asylum, where he had been committed by his brothers (with the help of Stanford White, the architect and a close family friend), Uncle Archie fled first to Philadelphia, where he was examined by William James, and thence to Virginia. He changed his last name to Chaloner and started a long legal battle to have himself declared sane in New York.

At his Virginia estate, Merry Mills, Archie indulged his love of horsemanship and hatred of automobiles. He discovered an obscure state law requiring the driver of a motor vehicle to "keep a careful look ahead for the approach of horseback riders, [and] if requested to do so by said rider, [such driver] shall lead the horse past his machine." Mounted on horseback, clad in an inverness cape and armed with a revolver, Uncle Archie would patrol the road in front of Merry Mills demanding that motorists comply with the law. "A green umbrella was riveted to the cantle of his saddle, a klaxon to the pommel," J. Bryan III, one of his admirers, wrote in *The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*. "After nightfall, he hung port and starboard lights from the stirrups and what was literally a riding light from the girth. The klaxon was his warning, the revolver his ultimatum."

In the midst of the legal battle for his sanity, Uncle Archie shot and killed a wife beater who had invaded his house. To commemorate the encounter, he sank a silver plate in the floor with the cryptic inscription HE BEAT THE DEVIL. He was absolved of the killing, which occurred in 1909, shortly after Harry K. Thaw shot Stanford White, but the *New York Post* noted, "The latest prominent assassin has taken the precaution to have himself judged insane beforehand." Archie sued for libel, and the case dragged on to 1919, when he won both the suit and his fight for sanity in New York.

By now Uncle Archie had come to love automobiles and made peace with his brothers and sisters. He came visiting in a Pierce-Arrow he had had custom-made. Parts of the rear and front seats were removed to make room for a bed and a field kitchen, and the car was painted with blue and white stripes copied from a favorite shirt. Chanler Chapman would meet Uncle Archie in Manhattan, and they would drive back and forth between the Hotel Lafayette and Grant's Tomb. "He told me he was the reincarnation of Pompey," Chapman says, "but that he was going to have more luck than Pompey and take over the world. His eyes would gleam and glitter. He would also rub an emerald ring and say to the chauffeur when we came to a light, 'Watch, it's going to turn red!' or, 'Watch, it's going to turn green! See!' " In Barrytown, Uncle Archie dined, as family members pretended not to notice, on ice cream and grass clippings.

At St. Paul's, Chanler Chapman was nicknamed Charlie Chaplin, after his own exploits. From the start Chapman had what the St. Paul's masters called "the wrong attitude." Some years afterward he wrote a book with that title about his days at St. Paul's. (In *Teacher in America*, Jacques Barzun praises *The Wrong Attitude* for Chapman's "penetrating remarks.") Once young Chapman jumped into an icy pond to win a $50 bet, and he collected a purse of $100 for promoting a clandestine prize fight in which he was knocked out. On another occasion, boys paid 50¢ apiece to watch Chapman fill his mouth with kerosene and strike a match close to it. Flames shot across the room. On the side, he dealt illegally in firearms, selling one Smith & Wesson .32 time after time. It

continued

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jammed after every third or fourth round and, invariably, Chapman would buy it back from the disgruntled owner at a reduced price. A center in club football, he practiced swinging a knee smartly into the ribs of an opponent, but when he cracked the rib of a boy he liked, he felt such remorse that he gave the boy a silver stickpin shaped like a broken rib with a diamond mounted over the break.

Chapman was too young for World War I. He desperately wanted to serve after his half-brother, Victor, was shot down and killed while flying for the Lafayette Escadrille. Fortunately, he was distracted by his Uncle Bob, Robert Winthrop Chanler, the youngest, biggest and, in many ways, the most raffish of the Chanlers. "Uncle Bob dreaded the thought that Chanler would be filled with pieties," says Winty Aldrich.

After studying art in Paris for nine years, Uncle Bob settled on a farm near Sylvania and ran for sheriff of Dutchess County. He won after acquiring acclaim by hiring a baseball team, which included Heinie Zimmerman of the Cubs, to play against all comers. While sheriff, Uncle Bob wore a cowboy suit and retained Richard Harding Davis as his first deputy. Having divorced his first wife, he returned to Paris, where he vowed to marry the most beautiful woman in the world. He fell in love with Lina Cavalieri, an opera singer, who, if not the most beautiful woman in the world, was certainly one of the most calculating. After only a week of marriage to Uncle Bob, she left him to live with her lover. That was bad enough, but then the news broke that Uncle Bob had signed over his entire fortune to her. Uncle Archie, down in Virginia busily fighting for his sanity, remarked to reporters, in words that became famous, "Who's loony now?"

Uncle Bob divorced Lina, who settled for a lesser sum than his every cent, and back in New York he began living it up again, with nephew Chanler sometimes in tow. During this period he was doing paintings of bizarre animals and plants, which became the vogue, and he bought three brownstones in Manhattan, made one establishment of them and called it "the House of Fantasy." The place was filled with macaws and other tropical birds, and parties there (orgies, some said) lasted for days. Ethel Barrymore is reputed to have remarked of the House of Fantasy, "I went in at seven o'clock one evening a young girl and emerged the next day an old woman."

Chapman found two of his other Chanler uncles tedious. One, Winthrop Astor Chanler, was extremely fond of riding to hounds. Indeed, when Uncle Winthe died, his last words were "Let's have a little canter." Then there was Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler who, like all the Chanlers, was a staunch Democrat. In 1906 he ran for lieutenant governor of New York, with William Randolph Hearst at the head of the ticket. Hearst lost but Uncle Lewis won—at that time the lieutenant gubernatorial candidate ran separately—and in 1908 he was the Democrats' choice to run for governor against Charles Evans Hughes. Hughes

continued





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MAN TO MAN

by John Weitz

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won, but the campaign waged by Uncle Lewis, which began with an acceptance speech on the front steps of Rokeby, still stirs the family. Not long ago, Hamilton Fish Sr. visited Rokeby, where he strongly urged Winthrop Aldrich to run for office. When Winty demurred, Uncle Ham, sole survivor of Walter Camp's 1910 All-America football team, 6′4″ tall and ramrod straight at 88 years of age, said, "Look at your Uncle Lewis!" Winty replied, "But Uncle Ham, Stanley Steingut [State Assembly Speaker] and Meade Esposito [Brooklyn Democratic leader] wouldn't know anything about Uncle Lewis. Nobody remembers Uncle Lewis." Eyes blazing, Uncle Ham exclaimed, "Everyone remembers Uncle Lewis!"

Chanler Chapman went to Harvard in 1921. "He ran a gambling den there," recalls Peter White, a cousin, who is a grandson of Stanford White. "He had a bootlegger, and all the gilded aristocracy from St. Paul's, St. Mark's and Groton as his customers. Chanler and his partners took in $300 to $400 a week. They didn't drink until their customers left at three in the morning, but then they drank themselves blind."

While in Cambridge, Chapman joined the Tavern Club founded by 19th-century Boston literati. "Two years ago Chanler celebrated his 50th anniversary as a member of the club," Winty Aldrich says. "It is a tradition to present a gold medal to a man who has been a member for 50 years. Being proper Bostonians, the members do not have a new medal struck, but give the honoree one that had been presented to some deceased member. Chanler was very excited—I had heard he was to get the gold medal that belonged to Oliver Wendell Holmes—but for one reason or another he couldn't attend the ceremony. The members were relieved. They thought Chanler might bite the medal in half, or hock it."

After Harvard, Chapman went to Paris where he acquired his lasting affection for horse racing. He went broke at the track, and his Uncle Willie, Colonel William Astor Chanler (also known as African Willie, because he had explored parts of the Dark Continent where Stanley said he would not venture with a thousand rifles), gave him a job at an ocher mine he owned in the south of France. Six weeks in the mine were enough. Seeking fresh adventure, Chapman joined an acquaintance who was

continued



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sailing a 47-foot ketch, the *Shanghai*, from Copenhagen to New York. But Chapman found the trip a bore—"The ocean is the dullest thing in the world. The waves just go chop, chop, chop"—except for a stop in Greenland, where he swindled the Eskimos by trading them worn-out blankets for furs. Off Nova Scotia he lost the furs and almost everything else when the *Shanghai* foundered on rocks, forcing all to swim to shore.

Back in the U.S., Chapman undertook a career as a journalist. He worked for the Springfield, Mass. *Union* for two years and then joined *The New York Times*. "Anyone who spends an extra week in Springfield has a weak mind," he says. The *Times* assigned Chapman to the police beat on the upper East Side but Chapman decided that crime, like the ocean, "bores the hell out of me." He spent a year playing cards with the other reporters and then quit to work for a book publisher.

In 1932 Chapman took over Sylvania and became a full-time farmer. He devoted a great deal of effort to organizing dairymen so they might obtain better milk prices, but division in the ranks made the task impossible. Then, during World War II, Chapman, with the seeming compliance of President Roosevelt, worked up a plan to seize the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon off Newfoundland from Vichy France. He was called off at the last minute by F.D.R., who had apparently been having a lark at his neighbor's expense. Chapman next volunteered as an ambulance driver for the American Field Service and served in Africa and Burma. Nautically, his luck seemed to pick up where it had left off with the sinking of the *Shanghai*—a freighter taking him to Egypt was torpedoed 600 miles southeast of Trinidad. "It was very entertaining," he recalls. "The vessel was carrying 1,900 tons of high explosives." Fortunately, the ship, which had been struck in its boilers, went down in seven minutes and did not explode. Chapman had the foresight to stick $200 in traveler's checks and a bottle of Abdol vitamin pills inside his life jacket before scrambling into a lifeboat. After a week's sail, he and the other survivors made it to Georgetown, British Guiana.

After the war, Chapman and his wife were divorced and he married Helen Riesenfeld, who started the Barrytown *Explorer* with him. She died in 1970, and three years later Chapman married Dr.

continued



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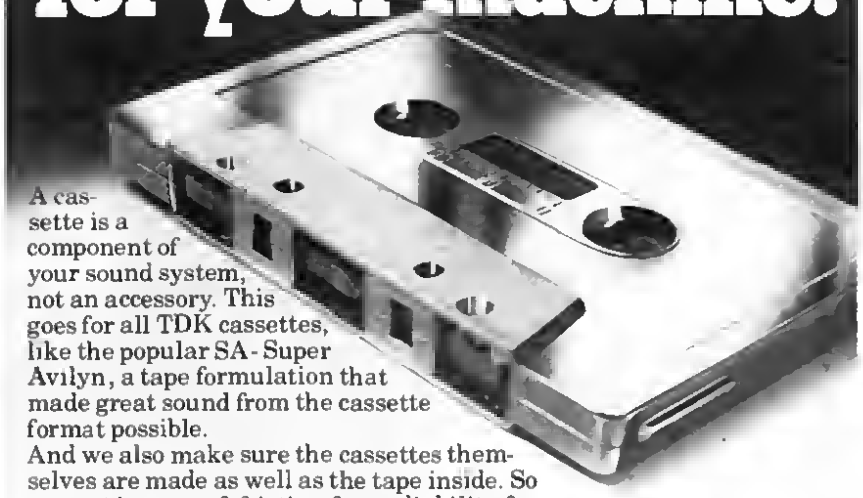
Ida Holzberg, a widow and psychiatrist. "It's convenient for Chanler to have his own psychiatrist in the house," says Winty Aldrich. Like the second Mrs. Chapman, Dr. Holzberg is Jewish. While chaffing her recently, Chapman said, "Jesus Christ, maybe I should have gone Chinese the third time around." Mrs. Chapman, or Dr. Holzberg, as she prefers to be called, is listed on the masthead of the *Explorer*, but her duties are undefined. "She wants to get off the masthead because she gets angry at me every other day," Chapman says. Dr. Holzberg is petite, and Chapman affectionately refers to her as "Footnote" or "Kid," as in "O.K., Footnote" or, "Kid, I like you, but you've got a long way to go." As Chapman figures it, his wives are getting shorter all the time, but he likes that because they have a lot of bounce-back, Dr. Holzberg especially, "because she's got such a low center of gravity."

Over the years, Chapman has conducted his own radio interview show but at present he is off the air. His last sponsor was a dairy, for whom he used to deliver remarkable commercials, such as, "Their man is on the job at five in the morning. You might even see him back at a house for a second time at nine, but let's skip over that." Some of Chapman's taped interviews are memorable, like the one in which he kept referring to the mayor of San Juan, P.R., where Chapman happened to be on vacation, as the mayor of Montreal. "San Juan, Señor," the mayor would say plaintively every time Chapman referred to Montreal.

Perhaps Chapman's finest accomplishment with the tape recorder came at a great family gathering at Rokeby in 1965. About 150 Chanlers, Astors, Armstrongs and other kin assembled to celebrate the sesquicentennial of the house. Among those present at the main table were William Chamberlain Chanler, who is known as Brown Willie, and Ashley Chanler, the son of African Willie Ashley *is generally accounted a bounder by* the rest of the family, and on this occasion he was wearing a Knickerbocker Club tie, which disturbed Brown Willie, a retired partner in the proper Wall Street firm of Winthrop, Stimson, Putnam and Roberts. Believing that Ashley had been dropped from the Knickerbocker Club (as indeed he had been previously, for nonpayment of dues), Brown Willie voiced his annoyance and a loud debate ensued. "No one knew what was going

continued

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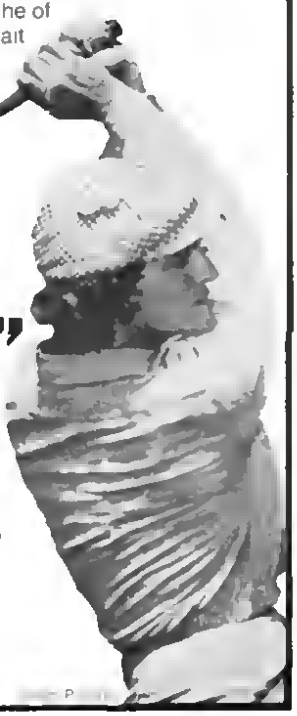
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on," says Winty Aldrich. "It wasn't until later that we found out it was all over a necktie. But Chanler was seated near them, and the moment the argument started he turned on his tape recorder, held up the microphone and began egging them on. When Ashley said that he had been reinstated in the Knickerbocker Club, Chanler shoved the microphone at Brown Willie and said, 'You lose that round, counselor.'"

Nowadays Chapman is primarily confining his attentions to the *Explorer* and his slingshot, with an occasional reversion to his guns. "Stop the presses!" he exclaimed the other day to a caller. "We're replating for wood alcohol! An unlimited supply of energy. No fermentation at the North and South Poles, so the penguins and Eskimos are out of luck. First flight to Venus by booze." He also was elated about reprinting a piece by Abram Hewitt on War Relic, "really a second-rate horse, still being promoted as quite a stud."

The shooting in early spring, Chapman said, had been superb. The frozen Hudson was breaking up, and he liked to go down to the river with a .22 to shoot at pieces of ice. The most challenging shot was at twigs floating by. "Crack a little twig when it's just barely moving!" he exclaimed. "It's better than any shooting gallery. You feel like a newborn baby." Friends who happen along at this time of the year may be greeted as William Humphrey, the novelist, was. Chapman insisted he shoot his initials into the snow by the front porch.

Chapman is hopeful that this will be a good year for 17-year locusts. Good, that is, from his point of view, not theirs. "They don't come every 17 years, you know," he says. "They come every five or six. I use .22 longs with birdshot in them and, boy, those locusts can absorb a lot of dust. They're only three-quarters of an inch long, but they're built out of armor plate. You have to hit them just right. I like to take a little stool that unfolds and pop them when they're swarming. Shooting on the wing. That's the only way. I wouldn't shoot them sitting down."

Chapman says now he's just looking for things that give him pleasure. Has he a word of advice for others who would seek the happy life? Yes. "Things are going up and coming down," he says. "Earthquakes are expected. Step in and enjoy the turmoil." **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 30–June 5

PRO BASKETBALL—Portland overcame a two-game deficit and beat Philadelphia four straight to win the NBA championship (*page 30*). The Trail Blazers swept Games Three and Four at Portland by a total of 54 points, upset the 76ers 110–104 in Philly, then toppled the Sixers 109–107 in Game Six on Bill Walton's 20 points, 23 rebounds and eight blocked shots. Walton was named the MVP of the playoffs, and Oregon had its first championship in a major professional sport.

GOLF—TOM WEISKOPF shot a final-round 70 and finished at 11-under-par 277 to win the $250,000 Kemper Open by two strokes over George Burns and Bill Rogers at Charlotte, N.C. It was Weiskopf's third Kemper triumph and first tour victory since 1975.

JOANNE CARNER fired a four-under-par 284 to win the $100,000 Talk Tournament at New Rochelle, N.Y. by five strokes over Kathy McMullen.

PETER McEVOY, a 24-year-old London law student, won the 91st British Amateur by beating Hugh Campbell of Scotland five-and-four over 36 holes at Ganton. For the first time in 20 years no American qualified for the last 16 positions.

HARNESS RACING—GREEN SPEED, driven by Billy Haughton, won the $100,000 Beacon Course for 3-year-old trotters at the Meadowlands in East Rutherford, N.J., covering the mile in 1:59⅕ (*page 62*).

NAT LOBELL, driven by Jack Kopas, and GOOSE FILTER, Jerry Graham in the sulky, took divisions of the $113,000 Oliver Wendell Holmes Pace at the Meadowlands. During the program, SHADYSIDE TRIXIE paced a mile in 1:54⅗ to break the world record for pacing geldings set last year by Young Quinn.

HORSE RACING—Guided impeccably by Lester Piggott, THE MINSTREL outdueled favored Blushing Groom around the last turn, then nailed front-running Hot Grove by a neck at the wire to win the 198th English Derby and $184,950. The victory was Piggott's eighth in the Epsom classic, two more than any other jockey.

FOREGO ($3), ridden by Willie Shoemaker, won the $114,400 Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont, running the mile in 1:34⅖ to top a field of 12. The victory boosted career earnings of the three-time Horse of the Year to $1,738,857, which is $259,039 short of Kelso's all-time record.

Favored CORMORANT ($4.80), under Jockey Danny Wright, won the $124,200 Jersey Derby at Atlantic City, covering the 1⅛ miles in 1:50⅖ to beat Iron Constitution by 3½ lengths.

VIGORS ($28.20), Jerry Lambert up, came from last place in a field of 12 to win the $200,000 1½-mile Hollywood Invitational at Hollywood Park in 2:26⅖, scoring an upset over favored Caucasus by three-quarters of a length.

SILVER SERIES ($9.60), Larry Snyder aboard, covered the 1⅛-mile in 1:41⅕ to win the $140,800 Hawthorne Derby at Cicero, Ill.

MOTOR SPORTS—GUNNAR NILSSON of Sweden, driving a Lotus, won the Belgian Grand Prix, beating Niki Lauda of Austria by 14 seconds. Mario Andretti, who dominated the qualifying runs, was eliminated on the first lap when his Lotus collided with Briton John Watson's Brabham. Neither driver was injured.

ROWING—The CORNELL varsity eight beat Pennsylvania by 2.5 seconds to win its 20th Varsity Challenge Cup in the 75th IRA Regatta on Lake Onondaga in Syracuse, N.Y. (*page 72*)

SOCCER—Alan Willey's goal gave Minnesota a 1–0 victory over San Jose in a rematch between last year's NASL Pacific Conference playoff opponents. Las Vegas remained one point behind Los Angeles in the Southern Division. Toronto, a 6–0 loser to the Cosmos (*page 28*), and Tampa Bay, which lost to Rochester 2–0, held on to first place in the North and East, respectively. Despite the Rowdies' early-season success, Coach Eddie Firmani resigned for "personal reasons."

TENNIS—GUILLERMO VILAS whipped Brian Gottfried 6–0, 6–3, 6–0 in wind and rain to win the French Open, his first major tournament victory. MIMA JAUSOVEC took the women's title, defeating Florenta Mihai 6–2, 6–7, 6–1.

WTT: Sandy Mayer and Ray Ruffels beat Tony Roche and Roy Emerson to help New York (5–0) trim Boston 25–24 as the Apples moved to within .033 of the first-place Lobsters (3–1) in the East. Earlier, Boston defeated West Division leader Phoenix 24–17. Los Angeles ended its 14-game losing streak by routing Sea-Port 32–18. While 3,226 fans turned out at Cleveland, the Nets lost 30–22 to Phoenix in a match that featured reigning Wimbledon champs Bjorn Borg and Chris Evert. "What else can I do?" groaned Net owner Joe Zingale. On Thursday he showed what by signing Dr. Renee Richards, the league has not yet ruled on her eligibility.

TRACK & FIELD—ARIZONA STATE won the 56th NCAA outdoor championship in Champaign, Ill. with 64 points, 14 more than Texas-El Paso, which edged defending champion USC by two points for second place (*page 77*). Meet records were set by San Jose State's RON LIVERS, who leaped 55' 3¼" in the triple jump, MARK ENYEART of Utah State, who ran the 800 in 1:45.16, USC's LARRY DOUBLEY, who took the long jump at 26' 11¾", and SAMSON KIMOMBWA of Washington State, who ran the 10,000 in 28:10.27.

HOUSTON McTEAR won the 100-meter dash in 10.14 at the Muhammad Ali invitational in Norwalk, Calif., beating a field that included Olympic champion Hasely Crawford, Steve Williams, Steve Riddick and Don Quarrie. It was the fastest 100 of the year.

MILEPOSTS—HIRED: As basketball coach and athletic director at the University of New Orleans, BUTCH van BREDA KOLFF, 54, who was fired last December as coach of the New Orleans Jazz, his sixth pro team. He last coached basketball at Princeton from 1963 to 1967.

HIRED: As manager of the Mets, JOE TORRE, 36, who played for Milwaukee, Atlanta, St. Louis and the Mets during his 17-year career and was NL MVP in 1971. He replaces Joe Frazier, who will be a scout.

RESIGNED: As chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, JAMES A. FARLEY Jr., 48, who had suspended himself in May when his role in Don King's boxing tournament came under fire.

DIED: BOB GASSOFF, 24, defenseman for the St. Louis Blues, in a motorcycle accident, in St. Louis.

DIED: WELLS TWOMBLY, 41, sports columnist of the *San Francisco Examiner*, who preferred to be known as a "sports essayist", of acute internal disorders, in San Francisco.

DIED: STEPHEN (Laddie) SANFORD, 78, international polo star and owner of polo ponies, thoroughbreds and steeplechasers, including the Irish-bred Sergeant Murphy, who in 1923 became the first American-owned horse to win the Aintree Grand National, in West Palm Beach, Fla.

CREDITS

6—Tony Triolo. **13**—drawing by SOW. **28**—Tony Tomsic. **28, 29**—George Tiedamann. **30, 31**—Walter Iooss Jr. **32**—James Drake. **40**—Anthony Donna, Barton Silverman. **52**—George Tiedamann. **62**—John Iacono. **66**—Lana Stewart. **70**—Manny Millan. **77**—Rich Clarkson. **82, 83**—courtesy J. Winthrop Aldrich and Chandler A. Chapman.

FACES IN THE CROWD



GLORIA PARMENTIER
ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Gloria, 19, won the gold medal in the junior three-position, free-rifle, small-bore event at the Benito Juarez (Mexico) Shooting Championships. Her score of 1,149 x 1,200 equaled that of the fourth-place finisher in the open competition.



STEPHEN MYERS
MONROE, LA.

Stephen, 17, shot 74–70 on the par-72 Chennault Park Golf Course to win the state Class AAAA individual championship and lead Neville High to its third consecutive team title. Stephen's brother Scot, 16, came in third with a 74–73.



JIMMY ARIAS
GRAND ISLAND, N.Y.

Jimmy, 12, a seventh-grader who by special state ruling plays tennis for Grand Island High, won New York's Division III singles title. Last year Jimmy took the 12-and-under national indoor, national hard-court and USTA national titles.



MERRY JOHNSON
CANYON, TEXAS

Merry, 17, set a national girls' high school record of 54.2 in the 440 while pacing Canyon High to its second straight Class AAA state title. She also anchored the winning 440-relay team, was second in the triple jump and fourth in the high jump.



MARY JASINSKI
SPRINGFIELD, VT.

Mary, 17, a senior who pitches on Springfield High's girls' softball team, won her first 15 starts this season, extending her unbeaten streak to 31 games and improving her four-year record to 60–5. She led the Cosmos to state titles in 1974 and 1976.



DALE REYNOLDS
MCVEYTOWN, PA.

Dale, a senior at Rothrock High, batted .519 with seven doubles, two triples and eight homers to lead the Tri-County area in six of seven hitting departments. His slugging percentage was .949, and in 79 at bats he struck out only twice.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PIRACY

Sir

Happy days are here again in Pittsburgh and you have finally come to your senses and put the Pirates on the cover (*It's Hard to Pass the Bucs*, May 30). It's been worth the wait.

BRAD ARBUTINA
Pittsburgh

Sir

I liked the cover picture of Dave Parker. It's good to see someone besides the overrated Reggie Jackson on the cover of a national sports magazine.

JOHN PATRIE
Malden, Mass.

Sir

Your article on the Lumber and Lightning Gang from Pittsburgh hit many of the Pirates' bright spots but missed Bill Robinson, who is very versatile and always seems ready.

JOHN HARPER
Wardfordsburg, Pa.

Sir

Every team has its unsung heroes and the Bucs are no exception. Look at Duffy Dyer and Phil Garner. "The Duff" has been a pleasant surprise and, though platooning with Ed Ott, has been a steady catcher and is hitting in the .300s. As for "Scrap Iron," as Garner is called in the Steel City, his batting average may be low, but his great hustle and fielding ability aid the team as much as Dave Parker's liners.

DINO MARSILI
Greensburg, Pa.

Sir

My father has been a Cub fan all his life, as have my three brothers, my sister and myself. My father hasn't seen a World Series on the North Side since 1945 and we have never seen one. The closest we came was in '69 when the Cubs pulled the "el foldo."

My father is a good, honest citizen who pays his taxes and gives to a number of charities. This year he will be 50 years old. As a favor to me and my family, please *do not* do any cover stories on the Cubs until they win the World Series. Jinx or no jinx, I'm taking no chances.

STEVEN PETER SCHRAGER
Fresno, Calif.

Sir

You showed the Pirates to be unpassable, and we Cub fans despaired for the upcoming Cubs-Pirates series. Well, it seems the Cubs didn't read your article. They swept the series, not only passing the Bucs, but pushing them out of town and out of first place.

RICK CUMMINGS
Oak Park, Ill.

Sir

I'd like to know the age of the Chicago columnist who called the Madlock-Murcer trade "the worst in Chicago history" (*Cubs Join the Club—Maybe*, May 30).

He must not date back to 1964, when the Cubs traded Lou Brock for Ernie Broglio. Broglio went on to win a total of seven games in 1964, 1965 and 1966 for the Cubs before fading out of baseball. The last time I heard of Brock he was still with St. Louis and gaining some fame.

That's the worst trade in history—and not just Chicago history.

BOB MCVAY
King City, Calif.

THE COLLEGE TRY

Sir

Good article on the University of Miami and Coach Ron Fraser (*He's a One-Man Hurricane*, May 30). I have long believed that college baseball is an exciting and interesting sport, and your story carried this message to those not as fortunate as I was to see fine college baseball in Texas.

MIKE PIRRUNG
El Cerrito, Calif.

Sir

Recognition should also be given to another college baseball team from the Deep South. The University of South Alabama, coached by Eddie Stanky, finished the season 42–13, ranked No. 2 in the nation and set the home-run record for a single season, hitting 92 in only 55 games. The old record was 87, and it was made by Arizona State in 1976 during a 77-game schedule. The Jaguars' Jerry Postan hit 21 homers to lead the nation.

JOHN BRAZIL
STEVEN BRAZIL
DWIGHT EVANS
East Brewton, Ala.

CENTER STAGE

Sir

The Bill Walton vs. Abdul-Jabbar duel isn't the only one among big men (*L.A. Couldn't Move the Mountain*, May 23). Bob Lanier and Kareem have been going at it for years. Lanier outplayed both Abdul-Jabbar and Walton during their head-to-head matches this season. This included a 40-point outburst against Walton, and a 29–14 subduing of Abdul-Jabbar. Let's face it, there are many good centers around—McAdoo, Cowens, Gilmore, Lanier, Walton and Abdul-Jabbar among them. Walton and Abdul-Jabbar are not in a class by themselves.

MARK A. DAVIS
Sodus, N.Y.

FLOOR FIGHT

Sir

After watching the brawl in Game Two of the Blazer-76er series (*There's No Place Like Home Court*, June 6), it is obvious to me that something must be done to prevent such outbreaks of violence.

Because most of the contact results from offensive picks and man-to-man defenses, the most sensible solution is to legalize the zone defense. It is high time that the NBA realized fans appreciate good defensive strategy and stopped hamstringing clubs that rely on quickness and sophisticated team play rather than on sheer physical size and muscle.

JON NAGY
Port Angeles, Wash.

THE GREATEST

Sir

In my opinion, Frank Deford does not review *The Greatest* (MOVIES, May 30) but instead wages personal war on Ali.

Mr. Deford claims Ali puts on a "tired old act" in the movie. He should have known Ali's antics necessarily would be in a movie about Muhammad Ali. When I saw the movie, it seemed to me that the audience enjoyed this so-called "tired old act."

I agree with Mr. Deford that *The Greatest* could have been better, perhaps, as a documentary. However, Mr. Deford's obvious resentment of the fact that in the movie the white guys play dirty roles makes the entire column very unprofessional.

LEE DOAK
Raleigh, N.C.

IN THE TUBE

Sir

Awwrright! Thank you for providing us with a sampling of Warren Bolster's photographic masterpieces (*All Aboard the Tunnel Express*, May 30). The Coronado sunset shot on page 36 ranks as the finest I have ever seen in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

KEN PEREZ
Bakersfield, Calif.

Sir.

I could not believe those amazing surfing photos by Warren Bolster. He really captured the beauty and the grace of surfing.

DAVID N. COHAN
East Brunswick, N.J.

Sir

So often SPORTS ILLUSTRATED excites readers with its photography, but here you have reached your absolute pinnacle. The stunning photos by Warren Bolster are beautiful, especially the surfer's tube at sunset. Perfect!

ROBERT C. STACY
Annandale, Va.

continued

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Our 128 Wagon has the same unique engineering features as our Sedan. If our Sedan drives differently than conventional sedans, our Wagon certainly drives differently than conventional wagons.

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*This estimate is based on the average number of miles a person will put on his car in a year according to the U S Dept of Trans (9634 mi.) Average U S price of regular grade gasoline—61.9¢ (McGraw-Hill's Platt's Oilgram Price Service), and combined fuel economy of 24 MPG for 1976 Fiat 128—(E P A.)



OVER THE JUMPS

Sir

Thank you for Frank Deford's profile of high jumper Dwight Stones (*The Mouth That Soars*, May 30). In his examination of this complex man and his mysterious art, Deford has not only captured the dimensions behind the much-maligned public Stones, but he has also tried to answer one of the questions that we eternally ask about great athletes: "Why is he (or she) so good?" And he has done it with clarity, compassion and a sizable amount of imagination.

SCOTT A. CONROE
Potsdam, N.Y.

Sir

Who can blame Stones for being so cocky? After all, he knows he's the best high jumper in the world, so why not say so?

I agree with Stones that "nobody cared for high jumping 10 years before me." I didn't like it, but Stones has brought a new excitement to this "discipline" and now I love it!

JEANNE DENNIS
Greeley, Colo.

Sir

Your article exposed an individual who is insensitive to people but expects to be understood by all. Unfortunately, because of the rain in Montreal on July 31, 1976, he was unable to give a record "to those 60,000 obscenity people screaming at me." Those present, as I was, were not screaming in rage, but rather were elated that this abrasive and egotistic individual could not match his mouth at such a *crucial* time.

ANDREW WOJATSEK
Los Angeles

Sir,

I have but one comment on Stones. Hooray for individualism.

I, too, was a "scientific-approach" high jumper. But more important, then as now I prided myself on being an individual in a group-oriented society. How fantastic it is to know there are those who dare to be different and remain happy at the same time.

I may not agree with all of Stones' remarks, but he does have the right to say what "needs to be said." As someone once said, you can't be happy with everything else until you are happy with yourself.

R. L. PYLE
DuQuoin, Ill.

SCHOOL RUNNERS

Sir

You say that in February Kevin Byrne (*Byrne, as in Blazing*, May 23) of Paramus (New Jersey) Catholic High ran an 8:59.7 indoor two-mile, the fastest two-mile in the nation this year until Brett Hoffman of St. Petersburg, Fla. ran an 8:54.9 outdoors, a clocking nearly five seconds faster than Byrne's. Both these times are slower than that *run* by Tom Graves of Carl Sandburg High School in Orland Park, Ill. At an invitational meet held in Palatine, Ill. on April 30, Graves ran an outdoor two-mile in 8:52.8. Kevin Byrne may be the best high school *miler* in the country but Tom Graves surely can outdistance him.

ERIC M. BUCK
Orland Park, Ill.

LAWBREAKERS

Sir

Bert Jones and Jim Palmer would both get off much lighter than you say (SCORECARD, May 30) for throwing things at people engaged in a sporting event. For Jim Palmer to throw 4,000 pitches in Memorial Stadium, he would have to start approximately 40 games there, and Bert Jones would have to average 49 passes per game in the Colts' seven home games. I don't expect either Jones or Palmer to achieve these figures.

JACK HELLEVIG
Highland Lake, N.Y.

continued



They all have tough-to-cut Surlyn covers. But only one has a Titleist inside.

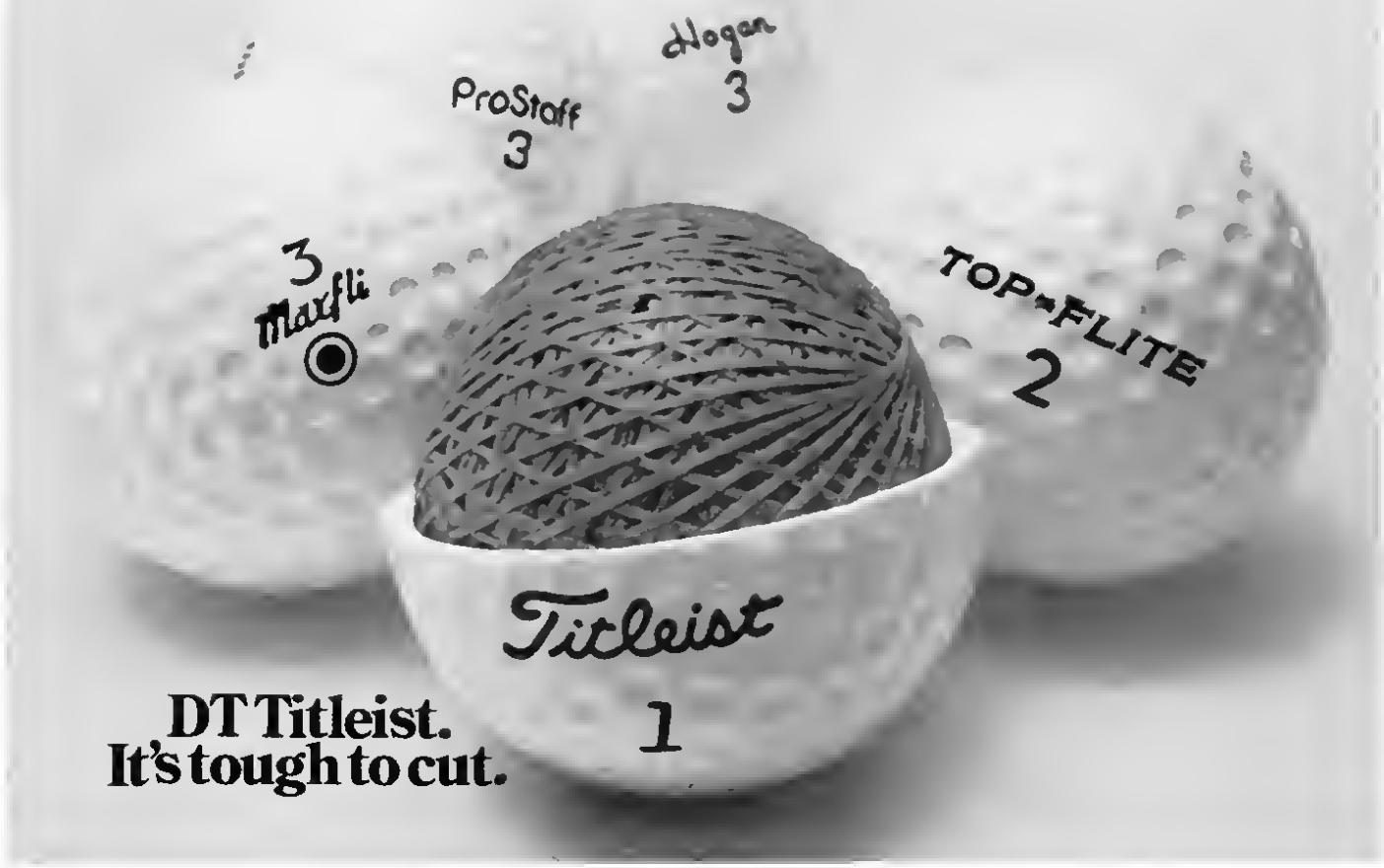
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19TH HOLE *continued*

SHORT SUBJECT

Sir:

What ever happened to the idea Chicago White Sox President Bill Veeck had about his team wearing shorts? Did somebody veto it?

SANDI EPSTEIN
Pittsburgh

• The Sox wore shorts in three games last season. On some sultry unannounced day this summer, the club says, they will appear in them again.—ED

A QUESTION OF TIMING

Sir:

Please, in the interest of accuracy, do not credit Mike Boit with a 1:45.87 time for 800 meters (*A Night for Stars, Both Born and Reborn*, May 23). As a non-collegiate runner his time must be converted to tenths of a second, making it 1:45.9.

It's a small thing (three hundredths of a second), but important. The switch to automatic timing in hundredths, plus the invention of the electronic stopwatches, which time in hundredths, has greatly confused the timing situation.

Unfortunately, each governing body has different rules. Internationally, all times must be recorded in tenths, except for automatic times at distances not greater than 440 yards. NCAA rules, however, call for hundredths when automatically timed, regardless of distance; for tenths in hand-timed distances up to one mile; and for fifths in hand-timed distances over one mile. High school timing is in tenths throughout.

Too many officials do not understand these simple, although confusing, rules. Consequently, press reports frequently are wrong and/or confusing. And this doesn't take into consideration widespread confusion over what constitutes automatic timing.

BERT NELSON
Editor
Track and Field News
Los Altos, Calif.

UNLUCKY 13TH

Sir:

In BASEBALL'S WEEK of May 23, Mark Lemongello is quoted as recalling that in 1975 he pitched a game on Friday the 13th for Evansville against Omaha in the International League.

Let me assure him that neither of these teams is in the International League—this year or in 1975.

JOE MUNGER
Fulton, N.Y.

• *Evansville and Omaha are* (and were) in the American Association.—ED

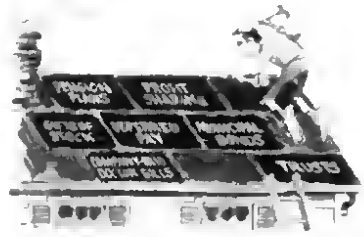
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How did an American Ford Granada compare in tests of smoothness and quietness of ride with a $20,000 German Mercedes?

Read how German engineers rated both cars after 7 days of testing.

For 1977, a new Ford Granada was brought to Germany for a scientific ride comparison with a Mercedes-Benz 450SE (U.S. sticker price: $20,689*). The Granada was a standard production car equipped with optional 250CID engine ($122.) and automatic transmission ($186.). Testing was conducted by an independent German engineering firm.

*Excluding taxes, title, destination charges



Aerial view of test site in Bavaria, Germany

Test 1: Smoothness test.

To test for "riding smoothness" the German engineers drove the Granada and the Mercedes at various speeds over a variety of roads in northern Germany, ranging from cobblestone to smooth highway. Using a sensitive electronic recorder, they measured vibration levels.

Test results: *Analysis of the engineers' data showed that in three out of the four test conditions there were "no major differences" in smoothness between the Granada and the Mercedes.*



Test 2: Quietness test.



In the next series of tests the cars were evaluated for "quietness" of ride. Again, they were compared over a variety of German road surfaces at speeds from 30-55 mph. A sound meter recorded their interior decibel levels on the dBA scale.

Test results: *Analysis of the data showed that in all tests the Ford Granada consistently rode as quietly as the Mercedes-Benz.*

The Granada idea...

...was to offer American drivers classic styling and great riding comforts—at a sensible price.

You've read what this Granada did against a $20,000 Mercedes-Benz in Germany. Take a Granada test drive of your own and see for yourself.



FORD

When America needs a better idea, Ford puts it on wheels



1977 Ford Granada. Sticker price—$4,038, excluding taxes, title, destination charges. WSW tires, $39. (Photographed in Garmisch, Germany)

Box or menthol:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar. Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg cigarette	nicotine mg cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	25	1.6
Brand C Non-Filter	23	1.4
Brand W	19	1.2
Brand W 100	19	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand S Menthol	18	1.2
Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
Brand BH 100	18	1.0
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K Menthol	17	1.4

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg cigarette
Brand P Box	15	0.8
Brand K Mild	14	0.9
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.9
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
Brand V	10	0.7
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Brand M	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**less than 1**	**0.1**
Carlton Box	**less than *1**	***0.1**

Av. per cigarette by FTC method



Soft pack-1 mg.
Menthol-less than 1 mg.
Box*-less than 1 mg.

Less than 1 mg. tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Of all brands, lowest Carlton 70 less than 0.5 mg tar, 05 mg nicotine av per cigarette, FTC Report DEC '76

Soft Pack and Menthol. 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76. Box. 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.